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THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC.

What a puzzle music must be to those unfortunate people, stricken with spiritual cecity, to whom the art is no more than so much sound and fury, signifying nothing. They know that to others it constitutes a whole world of experience, yet are themselves excluded from that world by an insuperable barrier. They must take it on faith, as the color-blind must take the rainbow and the sunset. If they are honest with themselves, they will admit and lament this defect of sense, accepting the unavoidable, gazing wistfully at the walls that separate them from a realm of whose glories they know from trustworthy report, but into which they may not enter. Sometimes they are not honest with themselves, averring the very existence of the realm to be a fable, and those who claim its franchise to be self-deluded, finding realities in what are but vain imaginings. They allow music to be sound, more or less agreeable, but they stoutly deny, although in the face of an overwhelming mass of testimony, that it has any spiritual meaning. Deaf themselves to aught beyond its direct impact upon the sense, they affect a skepticism of all hearing in others; save in their own narrow and literal interpretation of the term.

This specialized form of philistinism is not uncommon, but it is rarely voiced with the frank defiance of an article that has recently come under our observation. In this case, the self-revelation is so naïve, the ascription of the writer's limitations to the rest of mankind so absolute, that the instance seems worthy of mention, and may serve as a pretext for a little profitable analysis. Starting out with the question-begging assumption that music provides "mere sensation," disqualifying its votaries for "intellectual and volitional achievements," the writer goes on to labor the point by such arguments as the following: "It is no more elevating to train the ear than the taste; to enjoy sound than to enjoy flavor." "Enjoying sound that goes into the ear is no more cultivating than enjoying lobsters that go into the stomach." "Listening to one of Beethoven's sonatas is not greatly different in kind from eating a beefsteak." These precious propositions

lead to the conclusion that music, being one of our "surface pleasures," gets too much of our attention, and that "the substantials of life should have a larger place in civilization." These substantials are specified to be "science, philosophy, statesmanship, and practical enterprise," and thus a *petitio principii* ends, as it began, the whole argument.

Our attention happened to be called, just as we were occupied with this self-revelation of a partly-atrophied mind, to what Beethoven said of Napoleon after the battle of Jena. "What a pity that I am not acquainted with the science of war as I am with that of music. I would show myself his master." And who, knowing anything of the powerful personality that expressed itself in the "Eroica," could seriously doubt that it was entirely capable of just the sort of "intellectual and volitional achievement" that our writer takes for granted as being beyond the reach of the musician. But this illustration is only by the way. What we are at present concerned with doing is to point out the inadequacy of our writer's notion of "the substantials of life." It really narrows down to science and nothing else, for the moment any element not purely intellectual enters into the case, there comes with it the possibility of a musical relationship. The province of music is the entire emotional and spiritual life, and the intellect, although a necessary philosophical concept, is no more to be caught by itself than those equally necessary abstractions, the perfect pendulum and the economic man. Science comes nearest to being pure when it takes the mathematical form, but we cannot forget Kepler's spiritual exaltation in contemplation of his laws of planetary motion, and we may also recall what Abt Vogler thought about the whole matter —

"The rest may reason and welcome, 'tis we musicians know."

What are "the substantials of life?" Science is certainly one of them, but there are at least three others, art, ethics, and religion. And if we allow that the one is only here and there touched with emotion, the other three are surely suffused with it through and through. And the relation of music to all three of them as surely needs no argument in its proof. For music is itself an art, it is a potent influence upon character, and it is of the very essence of religion. To refuse it artistic rank on the plea that it is no more than an ingenious arrangement of sound is like saying that sculpture is no more than bronze or marble, that painting is no more than canvas and pigments. But being as much more

than sound as poetry is more than words printed in black ink upon white paper, the character of music as an art is beyond cavil, and any likening of its effect to that of food upon the palate is supremely ridiculous. There are many, indeed, who would go so far as to call it the highest of the arts, holding with Pater that every other art "constantly aspires towards the condition of music," which is "the true type or measure of perfected art."

There is so much to say upon the subject of music as an ethical agency, as an influence upon conduct and character, that we hardly know where to begin. The few who would deny that influence have nothing more than their negative opinion to oppose to an overwhelming mass of positive testimony. The number of people who, interrogating their own consciousness, are prepared to assert that music has been a power for good in their lives, offers a crushing refutation to the skeptic, who in his very statement of denial puts himself in the class of the defectives. If a man declares that he has been stimulated by the masterpieces of Bach and Beethoven to worthier endeavor and a more strenuous purpose, that his better nature has been awakened, his altruism broadened, and his will strengthened, by communion with the great tone-artists, he would be a rash person indeed who should gainsay that evidence, or pronounce it to be self-delusion. A man generally knows what elements have counted in his own spiritual up-building, and has a fair notion of the extent to which they have reacted upon his dealings with his fellow-men; it would be the height of impudence for one of those fellow-men to inform him that he was entirely mistaken, and that what he knew by the immediate testimony of consciousness to have been a directive force in his life had really been nothing of the sort, but only an ineffectual titillation of the sense of hearing. When argument runs counter to intuition, it is not the latter that suffers rout.

We are not now particularly concerned with such matters as the influence of march and dance rhythms upon the sensitive mind, or even with the heightening of energy that results from the stimulus of martial music. These are matters that hang only upon the outskirts of our central theme, and that have but little bearing upon its elucidation. The true influence of music upon character and conduct strikes far deeper than this, and is not illustrated in any typical fashion by "Blue Danube" and "Racoczy" and "Marseillaise" examples. It is a subtle and profound influence, working at

the very roots of the soul's growth, and building up from below and within the structure of our higher spiritual life. If we are to take illustrative examples at all, we should seek them in such works as the "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal" overtures, the C Major Symphony of Schubert and the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven. As compared with the uplifting potency of such works as these, the most consecrated prescriptive moralizing seems feeble, the most pithy ethical precept seems indirect.

If the philosophers are right when they urge that sympathy is the foundation of the moral life, what more remains to be said in behalf of music as an effective influence upon conduct? Much more might be said in detail, but every instance adduced would lead us back to that basic principle. The great composer, beyond any other artist, takes us into his intimacy, imparts to us the contagion of his spirit, and permits us to share in his own most exalted moods. His tenderness, his indignation, his brooding griefs, his ecstatic raptures, his all-embracing love become ours also. And while we are under his spell our petty personalities are merged in his larger nature, our vexing ripples are lost in the sweep of his emotional tides. Yet it is not so much the effacement of personality that we attain to as the sense of enlargement, of a new light which reveals our private perplexity as but part of a harmonious scheme of things entire, and which makes us exclaim in wonder at the penetrative sympathy that can thus reach into the inmost soul, noting each

"Separate wave, and to what sea
Its difficult eddies labour in the ground."

Surely it cannot be urged with any show of reason that these moments, fleeting though they be, in which we live a richer and more generous life than is normally ours, pass away and leave no permanent mark upon us.

Music is no drowsy syrup lulling us into forgetfulness, but rather a source of renewed strength and greater fortitude to bear the burdens of our lot. Tranquillizing though it may seem, and conducive to the passive attitude, it is all the time stirring hidden springs of activity within us, and the extent to which we thus react is the true measure of its power. Its ministry may be that of an anodyne for sorrow, but it is also far more, for it performs the Aristotelian function of *katharsis* no less effectively than does the art of the poet. Tchaikowsky's "Pathetic Symphony" is a work of the same order of magnitude as Shakespeare's "Othello,"

and exerts the same sort of influence; for the one work, like the other, purges the soul of terror and pity by bringing it to contemplate those emotions in an ideal embodiment and under the species of eternity. And the "sudden music of pure peace" that sealed the three-fold song of Dante's vision seals also the St. Matthew Passion of Bach, and the Choral Symphony of Beethoven, and the closing raptures of "Tristan und Isolde" and the "Götterdämmerung," for to the spiritual eye the visions thus vouchsafed are revelations no less divine than that of the Rose of Paradise.

CASUAL COMMENT.

FRENCH JOURNALISTIC ENTERPRISE lags so far behind American that the editor-in-chief of *Le Matin*, M. Stephane Lauzanne, has come to this country to study our newspaper methods with a view to waking up his own newspaper a little earlier in the morning—although he does not thus paronomastically express his purpose. The French daily, printed to-day, dated to-morrow, and giving the news of yesterday, is certainly less wide-awake than the sheet in which, upon M. Lauzanne's arrival at his hotel in New York, he was astonished to behold his own photograph, the report of an interview with him "down the harbor," and an account of his first impressions of America. "How you do that is just what I have come here to find out," he explained. "In the offices of *Le Matin* I think we have all the machinery you have in newspaper offices in America. We have linotypes; we have big American rotary presses; it is the rapidity of doing things that we have not yet acquired. We have what I should call the *ouillage*, but we must have the oil to put in it to make it go quickly." He said further: "In Paris we have a big staff of reporters, but French reporters are apt to talk much, and discussions take a long time." He expressed amazement at the activity of our people, noted their unhesitating directness of purpose, and commented admiringly on the brightness of our skies and our freedom from smoke and fog. "New York people seem much livelier than Londoners," he declared. "Dullness and Americans do not seem to go together." This last reminds one of the late Dean Hole's perplexed surprise at finding the sharpest people in the world using the dullest knives at table. Time is too precious with us to be employed in scouring steel cutlery. It is to be hoped that in our French visitor's proposed two months' study of American journalism, he will let the yellow variety serve as a warning, not as an example.

THE CROWDED LIFE OF THE LITERARY WORKMAN is not the existence of ease, the idle and luxurious inviting of one's soul, that some have imagined it. That admirable man of letters and ornament of London journalism, William Clarke, a selection of whose writings is reported to have been recently issued, had no *hora subseciva* in his working day. The following extract from a letter to his mother gives a glimpse of a life that was even too busy, too little meditative and deliberate, for the best results. "My mode of life," he confesses, "does not

suit me; but, then, what can I do? I will tell you how I spent yesterday, as a sample. Read papers half an hour after breakfast; then wrote notes for the Chronicle, then a long review of the new ten-volume 'Life of Lincoln' for the Chronicle, filling thirteen MSS. pages. I was in the mood for it, and wrote till about 3 p.m. Then rushed out and snatched a roll and cup of coffee, the first morsel I had eaten since breakfast. Then train to Charing Cross to keep an appointment at 4.30, after which I glanced at the club at the evening papers, and wrote another Chronicle note. Then dined at the club, and rushed off to the Chronicle office, where I worked from eight to eleven doing half a column on Christmas cards, three notes, and two leaders, one of which was on a book I had to look through. I left the office when the clock was striking eleven. I did not get any sleep till nearly three in the morning, and was awakened before eight. I don't suppose one of the five millions in London did more work than I did yesterday. I know I shall not be able to keep it up." One would think not. The wonder is that, with these scrambling methods, he earned the reputation of having helped to make journalism literature.

THE UNIVERSITIES AND THE MAGAZINES are made the subject of a half-playful comparison in the course of Dr. William James's recent article on "The Social Value of the College-Bred." After declaring that the best single phrase to express the purpose of the higher education is that "it should enable us to know a good man when we see him" — the word "good" being used in its broadest sense — the writer takes occasion to add: "In our essential function of indicating the better men, we now have formidable competitors outside [the colleges and universities]." A number of these competitors, wide-awake American periodicals, are then named, after which comes this suggestive passage: "It would be a pity if any future historian were to have to write words like these: 'By the middle of the twentieth century the higher institutions of learning had lost all influence over public opinion in the United States. But the mission of raising the tone of democracy, which they had proved themselves so lamentably unfitted to exert, was assumed with rare enthusiasm and prosecuted with extraordinary skill and success by a new educational power; and for the clarification of their human sympathies and elevation of their human preferences, the people at large acquired the habit of resorting exclusively to the guidance of certain private literary adventures, commonly designated in the market by the affectionate name of ten-cent magazines.'" The public library has long been regarded as the people's university; is it possible that the monthly magazine will ever qualify itself, or is even now beginning to qualify itself, seriously to dispute with the library the right to that title? Stranger things have happened.

HOW PUBLIC LIBRARY FUNDS ARE SPENT is a question touching the public pocket and having a general interest. The Secretary of the American Library Association has brought this matter to the attention of the United States Commissioner of Education by recommending that in the next government report on public libraries there be included in the statistical tables figures showing what proportion of each library's expenditure is devoted to (a) books, periodicals, and binding, (b) salaries, and (c) other purposes. It is also urged that there be added to the report a digest of the library laws

of the several states, this information being at present of a scattered and not easily obtainable sort, but especially necessary to those engaged in the work of library extension. Finally, request is made that, in view of the rapid development of state, county, city, and proprietary travelling library systems, a separate statistical table be given, showing date of formation, headquarters, source of support, annual expenditure, number of books, circulation, etc., of all such library systems throughout the country. Serious consideration of these and any other similar suggestions is promised by the Commissioner of Education. Of much practical value would it be to have at hand figures and other information tending to show just what apportionment of a library's income is likely to insure a maximum of usefulness, although no hard and fast rule could be laid down for all times and all places.

THE IDEALIST IN PRACTICAL AFFAIRS is not always so comically helpless as the traditional German professor confronted with the commonplace realities of daily life. Indeed, one likes to believe, and not seldom sees convincing reason to believe, with Plato, that only the man of pure and high ideals is truly wise and efficient in the ordering of the humble but necessary details of mundane existence. The pursuit of literature and a participation in practical politics have often been proved to be not incompatible. The many instances in modern times of English and French statesmen who have also been distinguished as authors, need not here be cited. Coming nearer home, we find some recent and interesting examples of the man of letters combined with the political reformer. The poet-mayor of San Francisco has won national fame for himself; Mr. Winston Churchill attracted much attention by fighting corrupt railroad influence in New Hampshire; Mr. Booth Tarkington tore himself from the charms of romance-writing to represent his district in the Indiana legislature; and now Mr. Owen Wister, moved with a laudable desire to purify the political atmosphere of that Sodom of municipal corruption that claims him as a citizen, offers himself as candidate for the upper chamber of the city's legislative body. It is an Augean stable that waits to be cleaned, but Mr. Wister is young and vigorous, both in mind and body.

COINS THAT WILL ALWAYS PASS CURRENT, in literature if not in the market, are those obsolescent pieces, dear to readers of romance and poetry and drama, — the pistole, the noble, the ducat ("My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! O my Christian ducats!") the groschen, the piece of eight, and many others. We have but the vaguest notion of the value of any of these coins when we meet with them in our literary wanderings, and therein lies half their charm: they lend themselves so beautifully to the purposes of the imagination, they convey so little suggestion of real cash, of "filthy lucre," and yet their purchasing power is so splendidly unlimited. Into this treasury of untainted money has recently passed the historic German thaler: on the first of October it ceased to be recognized as a coin of the Empire, and henceforth its currency is limited, or rather extended, to the larger empire of letters. Joachimsthal and the coin there first minted (in 1484) will not soon pass into oblivion, and if we do forget that the thaler is equivalent to three marks, all the more serviceable will it become for purposes of poetry and fiction.

PETER THE GREAT AS LIBRARY-FOUNDER is far less prominent in history and in the public mind than Peter the ship-builder, or Peter the founder of Russia's present capital, or Peter the masterful, though on the whole benevolent, despot and empire-builder. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, established by him in 1714, competes with our own national library at Washington for third place among the world's great libraries, both collections of books numbering nearly a million and a half. The Bibliothèque Nationale and the library of the British Museum are larger. The most noteworthy addition ever made to the St. Petersburg library occurred at the time of the suppression of the Jesuits in Russia, when there was a general transference of Jesuit libraries to the Imperial Library, including the famous collection of Count Zaluski, which was said to contain 260,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts. As is well known, the most valuable possession of the St. Petersburg library is the Codex Sinaiticus, or manuscript of the Bible in Greek uncials, discovered by Tischendorf in 1859 in the convent on Mt. Sinai.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF JOURNALISTIC APPEAL engages the attention of Professor Walter D. Scott, director of the psychological laboratory at Northwestern University. He is collecting data, and the publication of the result of his researches is awaited with interest. Hundreds of circulars have been sent out, asking what dailies the recipients read, and the reason for their choice. Other inquiries relate to the different departments of the newspaper that especially appeal to each reader, the amount of time given to newspaper reading, the inducements that have led to the taking of one journal rather than another, and so on. What domain will not the psychologist (of the Münsterbergian school) soon enter? But if a cure for yellow journalism can be found, the invader in this field at least is cordially welcome. The first step toward such a remedy, the investigation of the causes of the evil, is apparently being taken by Professor Scott. Will he afterward be able, in his psychological laboratory, to compound a medicine that will cure the disease?

THE HISPANIC SOCIETY'S LIBRARY AND MUSEUM were opened to the public a few weeks ago. This society, organized and endowed by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, a lifelong student of Spanish art, literature, and history, has a limited membership of one hundred, and each member must be a specialist in some department of research allied to the general purposes of the society. The library contains nearly 50,000 volumes in various languages and relating chiefly to Spanish history and literature; while the museum is stocked with curiosities illustrating the arts and crafts of the Spaniards. Here are to be seen gold coins of the Moorish kings and specimens of Hispano-Mauresque lustre-ware in finer and more abundant display than can be found elsewhere, except in a few European museums. The "Revue Hispanique," a quarterly valuable to students of Spanish subjects, is published in Paris by the Hispanic Society. The work of this organization not only promotes the cause of culture, but tends to knit closer the ties connecting us with the republics toward the south.

INTER-BIBLIOTHECAL COURTESIES tend to multiply the usefulness of libraries as well as to promote good-fellowship among them. Without exactly wishing to see our public libraries "syndicated" after the scheme

proposed a while ago by Librarian Canfield of Columbia University and commented on in these columns, one can rejoice in the good accomplished by the clearing-house methods so intelligently and energetically followed by Mr. Putnam at Washington. "Insensibly and without special advertising," he says, "the Library of Congress is, through its system of exchanges, not merely strengthening its own resources, but becoming in a measure a sort of clearing-house for other American libraries. It cannot undertake to become so completely, since it has neither the space to accommodate the pending material nor the free service with which to handle it; but within its space and means it has no scruple in utilizing its own duplicates to strengthen well-administered libraries elsewhere." Increased facilities for this work are certainly to be desired.

THE PER CAPITA SUPPLY OF PUBLIC LIBRARY BOOKS, which used to be greater in Boston than anywhere else, now reaches its maximum in Springfield, if recently published statistics are to be trusted. That the honor of thus most generously providing for the citizen's intellectual needs still remains in Massachusetts, is not a surprising revelation, nor, to some of us, an altogether displeasing one. In the matter of open-handed financial support of her public library, the city of the three hills still holds the supremacy, as shown by tax receipts, city census, and library appropriation. The Bostonian, it appears, pays fifty-four cents a year for his inestimable library privileges, while (*pro pudor!*) the Jersey Citizen spares but a reluctant twelve cents, and the dweller in Providence even cuts under that by paying only one cent over a dime for his public library reading. The best things in life are often the cheapest; but not even books, which are among the very best, can be had for nothing. It is an unwise Providence that scrimps and pares in its public library expenditure.

HAWTHORNE AND THE CRITICS seem to be not on the best of terms in these days. Is this assault on the wizard of Salem simply a natural reaction from the centenary enthusiasm of a few years ago, or have we, in our delight in his "airy and charming insubstantiality," been indulging a foolish joy and revelling unworthily in a silly paradise? Have we, as Mr. Brownell and others now seem bent on making us believe, been wrong in rejoicing with Mr. Henry James that Hawthorne's "beautiful, light imagination is the wing that on the autumn evening just brushes the dusky window"? Thinness, airiness, and insubstantiality are sometimes beautiful and wholly desirable qualities—in angels, for instance. Bulkiness and beefiness do not embody all virtues. It was long ago pointed out that the cheapest sort of criticism is that which finds fault with an author for not being something other than he is; and this, when the case against Hawthorne is reduced to its lowest terms, is about all that remains.

NEXT SUMMER'S CONFERENCE OF LIBRARIANS, as now definitely announced by the executive committee of the American Library Association, will be held at Lake Minnetonka, Minn., June 26—July 3. Among topics for discussion that are to receive special attention are "Losses of Books from Open Shelves"—a subject touched upon several times in these columns—and "Books of the Year." The open-shelf question, says the committee, gives promise of an interesting debate, and advocates of this system, which has caused so much reactionary criticism of late, will doubtless be put on

their defense. In the second topic, exactly what books shall prove, some decades hence, to have been the "books of the year," not even expert custodians and circulators of literature can tell us; but an expression of opinion from them may help to perpetuate the best books, and can certainly do no harm.

THE REVIVIFICATION OF A GREAT PUBLIC LIBRARY, whose usefulness had not been so great as was very easily possible, is a pleasant thing to note. The Troy Public Library, under a new administration and reorganization, has in the last three years nearly trebled its circulation without adding materially to its equipment or greatly increasing its annual expenditure. With a handsome building centrally situated, and a good-sized collection of books for general circulation, besides possessing means for reasonably rapid additions, the institution should have made a better showing than was revealed in the report of three years ago. That the powers in control thought so also, is made evident by the contrast between that report and the one for the year just closed. Brains will tell, in affairs of public service no less than in private business enterprise.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF HISTORY that promises to be vastly more than a mere florilege or garland — rather a whole garden or meadow of posies — is announced for early publication by the London "Times," and is to fill twenty-five volumes of about seventeen thousand pages in the aggregate. It will be a history of the world, composed of choice extracts from all the great historians. Think how Charles Lamb would have delighted to read through this encyclopedic work from page one to page seventeen thousand! Is there anything that more unmistakably distinguishes the mere book-buyer from the book-reader and book-lover than the presence in his library of these scissors-and-paste monstrosities masquerading as books?

COMMUNICATIONS.

SOME BOSTON CONTEMPORARIES OF EARL PERCY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The review of "Earl Percy's Dinner-Table," in THE DIAL for February 1, sent me to the top shelves of my father's library, whereon stands a long row of bound volumes of old Philadelphia magazines, which once belonged to the grandmother who died long before my day, and which were among the joys of my childhood. "Atkinson's Casket," "Grahame's Magazine," "Sartain's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," — the well-cared-for old books, with their wealth of steel plates and mezzotints, and their discreet concession to worldly things in the delicate and high-bred fashion plates which are such a contrast to those of our own time, — they stand in proud consciousness that it was theirs to offer many of the classics of our literature and to boast many a name the world will not willingly let die.

Instinct led me to "Grahame's Magazine" for 1842, and haste made me turn to its Index. Two criticisms, two stories, one poem by Poe; "The Goblet of Life" and "The Spanish Student," by Longfellow; five poems by Lowell; four sonnets by Elizabeth B. Barrett; and,

among lesser things, that which I sought — "The Daughters of Dr. Byles," by Miss Eliza Leslie, an exceedingly sprightly and clever story-writer, now, alas! forgotten as such, and remembered only by her "Seventy-Five Receipts," an ancient copy of which holds an honored place in my own pantry.

Miss Leslie's visits to these Colonial Dames of Boston were described at such length as to furnish two papers for "Grahame's." I wish it were possible to reproduce every word of the story, for which the overworked word "quaint" must serve; and I am conscious that in shortening it to the small space that is all I dare ask for in THE DIAL, I am leaving out much that would be dear to all who, like myself, love old days and old ways and old ladies.

Miss Mary and Miss Catherine Byles — or, to use Miss Leslie's collective noun, the Miss Byleses — were born in Boston, as was their father, the Rev. Dr. Mather Byles, who first saw the light in 1706. Of the Brahminical race of Cotton Mather, it was almost a matter of course that he went to England to be educated at Cambridge and that after his ordination he returned to Boston. Here he became the first rector of Hollis Street Church, married a daughter of Governor Taylor, and bought a piece of ground at the junction of Tremont and Nassau Streets, with a house hideous in its unpainted ugliness but surrounded by magnificent horse-chestnut trees. He enjoyed much reputation for learning, corresponded with Alexander Pope and Dr. Watts, and held a highly enviable place in society.

Unfortunately for him, a series of disagreements which he was never able to comprehend arose between New England and the mother country. His sympathies were with England; and in the unquiet days there was nothing for him to do but to resign his office, since praying for the King was intolerable to his parishioners, and pray for the King he would. His house was headquarters for the British officers, and his daughters were fond of relating how they "walked on the Common arm-in-arm with General Howe and Lord Percy, both of whom were frequent visitors at the house, and often took tea and spent the evening there."

"I imagined the heir of Northumberland taking his tea in the old parlor, at the old tea-table, — entertained by the witticisms of Dr. Byles and the prettiness of his daughters, who, of course, were the envy of those who could not aspire to be talked to by English noblemen. Moreover, Lord Percy frequently ordered the band of his regiment to play under the chestnut trees for the gratification of the Miss Byleses who then, as they said, had 'God Save the King' in perfection."

It was about this time that the doctor was "walking one day with a Whig gentleman in the vicinity of the Common where a division of the British lay encamped. His companion, pointing to the soldiers of the Crown, said, 'You see the cause of all our evils.' 'But you cannot say that our evils are not *red-dressed*,' remarked Dr. Byles. 'Your pun is not a good one,' observed his companion; 'you have misspelt the word by adding another D.' 'Well,' replied the clerical joker, 'as a doctor of divinity, am I not entitled to the use of two D's?'"

Later he was sentenced to banishment, and his goods to confiscation; but out of respect for his character the Board of War remitted the sentence as far as his worldly goods were concerned, and lessened the personal penalty to confinement in his own house. Once he asked the sentinel to fetch a bucket of water, as the day was warm

and the prisoner thirsty. The soldier declined to quit his post before relief came, but the doctor overcame his scruples by offering to guard himself until the soldier's return. "The sentinel at last complied," says Miss Leslie, "and took the bucket and went to the pump, first resigning his musket to Dr. Byles, who shouldered it in a very soldier-like manner, and paced the porch, guarding himself until the sentry came back, to whom on returning his piece he said, 'Now, my friend, you see I have been guarded, reguarded, and disregarded.'"

"The Miss Byleses told me much of the scarcity of provisions and firewood throughout Boston during the winter of 1775, when the British and their adherents held out the town against the Yankee rebels, as they called them. It was then that the old North Church was torn down by order of General Howe that the soldiers might convert into fuel the wood of which it was built."

Dr. Byles lived a very secluded life until his death in 1788. The younger of his daughters lived until 1837, when she was laid beside him under the pavement of the chancel of Trinity Church. For many years the sisters sequestered themselves in the old house, which held one glorious treasure in the portrait of Dr. Byles by Copley. They owned great stores of ancient plate, which they would never use or part with, and in spite of the increasing value of their little patrimony they lived in a poverty which would have been destitution but for the bounty of some friends whose kindness they never acknowledged by visits, since they left their home only to go to service at Trinity, and then always heavily veiled. They liked receiving visits, however, and took pleasure in some very childish mysteries which they performed, as well as in showing their father's portrait, and his papers—some bearing the signatures of Queen Anne, and of the three Georges to whom he had owed allegiance. Apparently in their world everything had stopped in '83, and they lived on and on into extreme old age, absorbed in the recollection of their brilliant youth, when they "walked arm in arm with General Howe and Lord Percy on Boston Common."

SARA ANDREW SHAFFER.

La Porte, Ind., February 17, 1908.

AN ALLEGED PROTOTYPE OF GOLDSMITH'S "VICAR."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I stumbled into a literary pitfall the other day, and I ought to have known better! Lest anyone else should be equally foolish, or unfortunate, I hereby make public confession.

In my life of John Newbery I told the true story of the sale of the manuscript of "The Vicar of Wakefield"—which had been so garbled by Boswell on account of his desire to extol his hero, Dr. Johnson, at the expense of every one of his *entourage*, poor "Goldy" included,—and I thought I had made myself familiar with all that was to be known about the writing and the publication of the ever-famous "Vicar" and "the philanthropic publisher of Saint Paul's Churchyard" whose seat I inherited and sat in for so many years.

A month or more ago, while digging and delving in those old-fashioned annuals so popular here and in England in the middle of the last century, I happened upon "The Moss Rose," edited by A. A. Phillips and published in New York in 1848, where I found a story

by Tschokke (Zschokke?) entitled "Leaves from the Journal of a poor Vicar" with this note prefixed:

"Translated from the German of Tschokke; he intimates that it is taken from the English and that it probably gave Oliver Goldsmith the first hint towards the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' If originally English it is not easy to understand why it was allowed to die."

The Journal begins Dec. 15, 1764, and ends Jan. 16, 1765. Its whole conception, tone, and flavor at once recall "The Vicar"; but the incidents, though suggestive of the Goldsmith story, differ. It really reads, however, as though it might have been an *ébauche* for the "Vicar."

So I wrote to my old friend, Austin Dobson, the greatest living authority on eighteenth century English literature, especially on Goldsmith and his time, asking him what he knew about it. Here is his reply:

"75 Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.
8: 11: '08.

"MY DEAR WELSH:

"This 'Journal of a poor Vicar' is always turning up as the germ of Goldsmith's book tho' it was fully disposed of by W. J. Thoms in *Notes and Queries* as far back as Feb. 26 1857 (2nd Series No 61). It appears first in the December No. of *The British Magazine* for 1766, some months after the publication of *The Vicar* in the previous March. Thoms says it also appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for Jan. 1767 and *The Gentleman's Magazine* of 1849, which again reprinted it from the *Boston Chronicle* of 1766—the *Chronicle* having found it in *The British Magazine*. I don't think it has any connection with Goldsmith. *The Vicar*, as you know, was thought of as early as 1762. With kind regards, yours sincerely,

AUSTIN DOBSON."

This reference to 1762 alludes to the entry in the account books of Benjamin Collins of Salisbury, who, with Newbery, bought a one-third share of "The Vicar of Wakefield" "from the author, Dr. Goldsmith, October 28, 1762 for £21,"—which was for the first time brought to light on p. 61 of "A Bookseller of the Last Century."

CHARLES WELSH.

Winthrop, Mass., Feb. 21, 1908.

"GAWMING" OR "GORMING."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In commenting, in your last issue, on Colonel Higginson's article, "The Migration of Words," you quote him as saying that "only in Marblehead, on our coast, could be heard the uncouth word 'gawming' (awkward, lubberly) which Grose's dictionary contains as a North of England term." It strikes me that the Colonel is not strictly accurate in this assertion, for I recall that in my boyhood in the Connecticut valley of Massachusetts the word was in frequent use, and perhaps is to this day. I have never written or seen it written, and I confess that I had supposed it was spelled "gorming." It is a word that I have frequently used, however, as I learned to use it, in the sense of "gorming about"—that is to say, looking about in a clownish and aimless manner. I dare say there are not a few Yankees, or descendants of Yankees, in Chicago who will recall this word as a not infrequent feature of everyday speech.

"What did you do down at Springfield?"

"Oh, I kind o' gormed about."

This was a natural and perfectly intelligible way of describing a villager's visit to the city.

ROSSELL FIELD.

Chicago, February 19, 1908.

The New Books.

"THE WIZARD OF MENLO PARK."*

Mr. Edison is no longer "the Wizard of Menlo Park," but rather the Indefatigable Inventor of Orange, where his laboratories are now situated, and the much visited and interviewed resident of Llewellyn Park, the handsome quarter of the town where he lives. But as he has so many thousand more important things to do than to talk to newspaper men, he is far from being a thoroughly satisfactory subject to the interviewing reporter, who has often been forced either to draw largely on his own imagination in writing up his "story," or to return to the printing office empty-handed. Hence the multitude of fables, more or less marvellous and amusing, that have for years enlivened the pages of the daily press under the pretense of giving information concerning the great inventor.

To correct some of these false reports, and to give an authentic sketch of Mr. Edison's life and achievements, Mr. Francis Arthur Jones has written a highly readable and pleasantly instructive book, "Thomas Alva Edison: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life." It is, explains the author, "in no sense an exhaustive 'Life' of Edison, and, indeed, could not be, seeing that the inventor is still young in heart and enthusiasm, and that there are probably many years of his brilliant career still to run. His grandfather and great-grandfather lived to be centenarians, and their noted descendant gives every indication of coming into healthy competition with them in the matter of a long life."

The little town of Milan, Ohio, is Mr. Edison's birthplace, and it is almost exactly sixty-one years ago that he was born — of good parentage, in a well-to-do condition of life. The father had come to Milan from Canada, where he had incurred the displeasure of the Dominion government by taking too active a part in the Papineau Rebellion. An allotment of the public land which he had received was forfeited, and Samuel Edison took a hurried leave of his home and made his way to the American side of the St. Clair River. It is worth noting, in connection with the son's extraordinary powers of continuous work, that the father, in his flight from Canada, walked one hundred and eighty miles without sleep. One would gladly learn more than is told of this hardy and energetic man; but beyond the fact that he first settled

at Milan, and later removed to Port Huron, Michigan, where he "busied himself in various enterprises" and tried, with little success, to be a stern disciplinarian toward his son, he plays an unimportant part in Mr. Jones's book. The mother, also a Canadian, appears to have been a woman of strong and refined character, and her influence over her gifted son was powerful and lasting. She had been a school-teacher in Nova Scotia, and, as the son himself long afterward declared, her experience in the school-room had taught her many things about human nature, and especially about boys. She was a fine reader, and used to read aloud to her husband and children, in "a soft, clear, and finely modulated voice." At the age of nine, "Al," as she called him, had read, or his mother had read to him, "The Penny Encyclopædia," Hume's "England," Gibbon's "Rome," Sears's "History of the World," and several works on subjects of wonderful fascination to him even thus early, — electricity and other branches of science. That was certainly a good beginning, and as he had an excellent memory his reading sooner or later proved its value.

Those early crowded years of newspaper-selling (and newspaper-printing, too) on the Grand Trunk Railway, of chemical and electrical experiments, of work as telegrapher at various places in rapid succession — for, though an expert operator, his scientific experiments engrossed so much of his attention that discharge followed hot on the heels of every engagement — all this has long been fairly familiar to a public curious about the smallest detail of the famous inventor's history. Not everyone, however, knows that in Mr. Edison's choice of science rather than letters for his life-work, journalism lost a great editor. "The Weekly Herald," which was edited, printed, and sold by the fifteen-year-old newsboy in connection with his general newspaper and candy trade on the train, was a rather remarkable sheet. Only one copy is now known to be extant, and a facsimile of one of its two small pages is given in the book. We are told that the English engineer Stephenson, who chanced to travel one day on the Port Huron and Detroit train, was so impressed with this little journal that he ordered a thousand copies; and that "even the *London Times* expressed interest in the paper, and unbent sufficiently to quote from its columns."

Fortune is ever on the alert to serve him who is worthy of her favors. After a variety of experiences young Edison was one morning walking along lower Broadway, wondering

* THOMAS ALVA EDISON: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life. By Francis Arthur Jones. With numerous illustrations from photographs. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

whether the time would ever come when he could devote himself heart and soul to his germinating schemes of invention, when the way was suddenly opened to him toward that desired end. Entering the office of the Law Gold Indicator, in Wall Street, he found trouble and confusion prevailing because something had gone wrong with the "tickers," and brokers were despatching frantic messages to headquarters to find out what was the matter.

"Mr. Law was in the office, together with a small army of workmen, but no one seemed capable of locating the trouble. Then Edison, who was standing by and seemed mildly interested in the commotion, remarked that he thought he could put things to rights, and Mr. Law told him to go ahead and see what he could do. Whereupon the young man quietly but deliberately removed a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels and immediately the instruments worked as chirpily as before. The repairers looked foolish and Mr. Law requested Edison to step into his office. After asking him a few questions, Mr. Law offered him the position of manager of the service at a salary of three hundred dollars a month. Edison says he nearly fainted when told what his remuneration was to be, but somehow he managed to keep a straight face and accepted the position with becoming gravity. Now that he had an assured income of thirty-six hundred dollars a year, Edison immediately opened a workshop 'down town,' and every moment that he could spare was devoted to his beloved experimenting."

Another seeming accident, which led to still more important results, and which illustrates Mr. Edison's quickness to take a hint from whatever source, occurred in connection with the invention of the incandescent electric light. A suitable filament for the lamp had long been sought in vain.

"The inventor was seated in his laboratory alone one evening, a little serious over his thousand-and-one disappointments, though by no means crushed in spirit, and, as usual, thinking deeply, when his right hand, which lay idly upon the table, strayed towards a little pile of lampblack mixed with tar which his assistants had been using in connection with his telephone transmitter. Picking up a modicum of this substance he began rolling it between his finger and thumb, still wondering what one thing he had forgotten which should make the electric light possible, and little dreaming that it lay between his fingers. For perhaps half an hour he continued to ponder and at the same time to roll the mixture, until at last he had obtained a thin thread not unlike a piece of wire in appearance. He looked at it idly, and then began to speculate on its possibilities as a filament for an incandescent lamp. It was carbon, of course, and, this being so, might have strength to withstand the electric current to a greater degree than platinum itself. He determined to put it to the test, and at once began the work of rolling out fine threads of the black composition preparatory to placing them in the lamps."

This experiment, though not wholly satisfactory, convinced the experimenter that he was at last on the right road. After further search and study, bamboo fibres were found to make the

best filaments; and then began a quest for specimens of all the twelve hundred known varieties of bamboo in all parts of the bamboo-growing world, in order to determine what kind was the best for the purpose. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars was spent in this bamboo-hunt, but the desired end was attained.

Descriptions of many other interesting experiments and a sufficient number of not too technical accounts of Edisonian inventions find a place in the book. Judged by the number and importance of his inventions, Mr. Edison is the greatest inventor the world has yet seen. Out of twelve hundred applications for patents in this country, more than eight hundred have been granted so far; and for patents in most of the other countries more than two thousand applications have been filed.

The closing chapters of the book treat more especially of Mr. Edison the man, rather than the inventor. He is delightfully human in his attributes, as one learns from the following descriptive passage:

"Some one has described Edison as 'thoroughly comfortable and undeniably human.' It is a queer form of description, and yet it suits the inventor admirably. Those portraits or drawings which show him with head resting upon his hand, and a solemn, dreamy look in his eyes, are all wrong. Edison is the exact reverse of a dreamer, and always has been—he never gives himself time to dream, and his chief characteristics through life have been marvellous alertness, indomitable determination, and mercurial energy. His eyes are more often laughing with suppressed humor than solemn with thought. When he was a young man, and no one knew him, he was shy in disposition and seldom spoke of himself or his doings. When he became famous he did not 'grow out of proportion to himself,' but was the same simple, unaffected human being that he had always been. He has about as much conceit and self-esteem as there is air in one of his own electric globes, and the thing he fears most in life is a 'swelled head.' His kindliness is unfailing, and he never loses his temper. No man in the laboratory has ever seen Edison 'let himself go'; and though his eyes may take on the sternness of a Napoleon, his anger never expresses itself outwardly."

An abundance of illustrative anecdote follows, and these little characteristic incidents, combined with the numerous pictures of the man in various unstudied attitudes, make the reader feel something very like a personal acquaintance with him by the time the last page is reached. With young men possessed of some love of science, fondness for machinery, a taste for experimenting, and a touch perhaps of inventive genius, the book is sure to be a favorite; as a finger-post pointing the way to success for brains and energy, it ought to exert a good influence; and its attractiveness to the lover of biography is beyond dispute. PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE COLONIAL RELATIONS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA.*

So many really excellent works dealing with the causes and events of the American Revolution have appeared of late that we scarcely feel the need of additional ones. Anything that adequately reproduces an historical period is of course welcome, especially when it comes from the pen of an accredited author. But what shall we say when the writer is seemingly unknown, at least among sober critical scholars? Shall we say that the work will be any the less welcome, or simply that it will be more searchingly examined? This question calls for practical application in the case of Mrs. Mary A. M. Marks, who, from her home in the British Isles, has sent out two most interesting volumes on "England and America, 1763-1783."

In the Introduction to these volumes, we notice a very suggestive passage which reads as follows: "It is always interesting, and often instructive, to look back and see how the great events of the past appeared while they were taking place, and to compare contemporary views with the final verdict of history." This is the key to Mrs. Marks's present work. Her authorities are almost exclusively contemporaneous in character, and, as far as the mother country is concerned, are fairly comprehensive; but on the colonial side they are, unfortunately, very limited. It might be said that this is only natural, — and so it may be; but still it is hardly excusable. The historian of to-day knows no barrier of distance, no dividing line of land or sea. In this particular instance, however, the fault — and surely we must call it such — of ignoring sources from abroad, can be, from one point of view, fully condoned; for, in carrying out her general scheme of things, Mrs. Marks was not nearly so dependent upon documentary sources as she was upon narrative ones; and could, therefore, quite easily dispense with colonial official records. With respect to colonial doings, she accepted facts as she found them in fairly reputable secondary authorities, and seemed to take it for granted that the reader would know all about them without his attention being called to them by her. Her interest was centred absolutely upon British contemporary opinions; and in treating of them she has produced what all must admit to be a very creditable piece of work. Her main dependence was of course upon the Parlia-

mentary History. Dare we say that some of her chapters are a mere epitome of it? In truth they are an epitome, yet they are much more; for at frequent intervals their narrative style is greatly enlivened by anecdotes, by gleanings from memoirs like Wraxall's, and by personal estimates of great men drawn from the writings of their contemporaries, associates, and friends.

We have dealt with the carrying out of the first part of our author's purpose, and have found it good. Let us now consider the carrying out of the second part. The report here cannot be nearly so favorable. Mrs. Marks, although hailing from the British Isles and presumably a Briton by birth or adoption, is extremely pro-colonial — unnecessarily so, in fact. In many instances her account is so colored that the reader is obliged to infer one of two things: either that she is over-careful, and so desperately afraid of being thought prejudiced in favor of her own country that she errs in the other direction, or that she is positively ignorant of the final verdict of history. Who to-day, knowing that Bancroft wrote at a very anti-British period of American history, would think of accepting his judgment as conclusive, especially when Lecky, Van Tyne, Winsor, and many more, have all supplemented him and have been generally accepted as in the highest degree authoritative by historical scholars? Nevertheless, Mrs. Marks often takes Bancroft for her only guide, and has apparently regarded him as almost the only great secondary American writer worthy a place in her bibliography.

We have already remarked that our author takes colonial facts for granted. She does more than that. She gives as sober history myths like the Putnam wolf story, and offers an account of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence without the slightest allusion to its doubtful authenticity or to the long controversy concerning it. Likewise, she gives the traditional details of the Peggy Stewart affair and of the Boston tea-party.

On the side of technical construction, a few general criticisms are needed. Errors frequently occur, not so much in the body of the text as in the footnote references. These errors are largely born of carelessness; quotation marks are omitted or misplaced, paraphrases are confounded with quotations, the works of authors are variously and often ambiguously cited, and sometimes even the original has been inaccurately rendered.

But the really great merit of the book has

* ENGLAND AND AMERICA, 1763 TO 1783. *The History of a Reaction.* By Mary A. M. Marks. In two volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

yet to be remarked upon. It lies in its inclusiveness. Mrs. Marks has taken a wonderfully broad view of her subject. She has treated colonial pre-Revolutionary affairs as a part only of British eighteenth-century history. India and other imperial possessions, at that time fully as important as the famous Thirteen, receive more or less attention, and home complications and local politics are given their due weight. This fact alone ought to commend the book to the favorable notice of specialists as well as of general readers, and win for it a place by the side of Trevelyan's.

ANNIE HELOISE ABEL.

TWO STUDIES OF GEORGE MEREDITH.*

A certain passion for orderliness seems to have possessed Mr. Elmer James Bailey while he wrote of the novels of George Meredith. Each work is assigned its particular place in the scheme of the whole, like cards in a library catalogue; and its displacement would be, one feels, equally improper. Throughout the study, it is assumed that a network of analogies and similarities binds his novels into a fabric of firmest texture, — that, large and thickly settled as the world seen in them is, the chief inhabitants, if not all of one nation, are plainly of one family; that they and the ordeals through which they pass are the product of one creative mind. The relation between Meredith's various novels is Mr. Bailey's point of departure.

Borrowing terms from the artisan, he divides the fiction of Meredith into three periods, in which the author showed himself successively an apprentice, a journeyman, and a master-workman. To the first belong "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "Farina," — the work of a writer strongly suggesting some of his predecessors and contemporaries, yet showing certain individual traits which later on were so highly colored. In the second period, although Meredith had discovered the bent of his genius and was consciously possessed of power and skill, yet he was indubitably influenced by the writings of Richardson and Fielding and Sterne, Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot. The novels then produced ("Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Sandra Belloni," "Vittoria," and "Rhoda Fleming") were also an attack upon a sentimental deference to various long-

unchallenged ideals. When Meredith became a master-workman, emancipated and Meredithian, he entered upon a period of free invention in which he attacked egoism (in "Harry Richmond," "Beauchamp's Career," "Short Stories," "The Egoist," and "The Tragic Comedians"), and then concentrated his interest into an assault upon the seemingly impregnable conventionality which looks upon the marriage-bond as indissoluble (in "Diana of the Crossways," "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," "One of Our Conquerors," and "The Amazing Marriage"). Such, briefly stated, is Mr. Bailey's classification; and in making it, he analyzes the characters and situations with true insight, appreciation, and restraint. He clearly sees and feels Meredith's high ideals, his strength, his beauty of temperament; and yet, worthily of Meredith himself, he says, "Whatever the impulse of the heart, they [his readers] know that it should be tempered to the working of the brain; and they therefore do not undertake to assert more than that Meredith must be regarded as no unworthy companion of the greatest English novelists."

In Mr. Bailey's study, short, definite, and concise as it is, the scope did not include Meredith's poetry, which is but occasionally discussed and little quoted. Mrs. M. Sturge Henderson has been far more ambitious in her study of Meredith as novelist, poet, and reformer. So desirous, indeed, was Mrs. Henderson that her criticism should be comprehensive that she elicited the services of Mr. Basil de Selincourt to write four chapters on Meredith's poetry (xiv.-xvii.). This contribution has a double value: it is intrinsically of worth, in its subtle exposition of Meredith's philosophical thought and his poetical form or lack of it; and, further, it goes far to illuminate the treatment of character and situation in his novels. As Mrs. Henderson has said elsewhere in the book, "Meredith's poems are his novels in distillation." To quote again (chapter xvi.), "The distinctive quality of Meredith's poetical work depends for a large part of its value on the incisiveness, the grit, which are to be associated with the emphasis he thus lays upon the need for a firm foundation of vital energy to the driving force, the horse-power of the soul." This conclusion is in tune with Mrs. Henderson's major premise, "Intermittently, Meredith is a great artist; primarily and consistently, he is a moralist — a teacher."

Making no such lines of demarcation and interreception as does Mr. Bailey between Meredith's novels, Mrs. Henderson analyzes them in chrono-

*THE NOVELS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. A Study. By Elmer James Bailey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

GEORGE MEREDITH: Novelist — Poet — Reformer. By M. Sturge Henderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

logical order, in detail, conscientiously and at times brilliantly, with the moralist and reformer ever in the foreground. Endowed as she is with a rare intellectual responsiveness, and thoroughly conversant with her subject, Mrs. Henderson is without doubt entitled to her opinions. From these, however, the student of Meredith may occasionally beg to dissent, — notably from the contention that "The Tragic Comedians" and "One of Our Conquerors" are among Meredith's greatest novels. Granting at times a difference in estimates between the writer and the reader, the latter will find all that Mrs. Henderson has to say interesting and her quotations both beautiful and appropriate. She is especially felicitous in some of her phrases describing Meredith's artisanship, — such as "his uniting of problem and pageant in the reading of life," and his "unvitalized" or "middle-distance" characters — the sisters Pole, for instance, in "Sandra Belloni."

It gives one the feeling of being turned from a door, to find that both of Meredith's critics, sensitive as they are to his beauty, his brilliance, and the versatility of his intellect, fail to assign him unreservedly the highest of literary positions. Mrs. Henderson feels that where Meredith's genius falters, his judgment is not always ready to give support. "His inspiration," she says, "appears to lie in his poetic grasp, the intensity of realization with which he holds to the main issue and keeps it living, in defiance of the tangles and complexity he is forever weaving every side of it, and which might have been expected to prove fatal to the life within."

EUNICE FOLLANSBEE.

RAILWAY REGULATION.*

Mr. Henry S. Haines speaks as an authority on railway questions. A member of the Societies of Civil and Mechanical Engineers, he has in turn acted as vice-president and general manager of the "Plant System" of railroad and steamship lines and as a commissioner of the Southern States Freight Association, and he is widely and favorably known as a critic through his books on "Railway Management" and "Restrictive Railway Legislation." In a new volume he pursues the subject of railway control through nine chapters, delivered as lectures less than a year ago before the Boston Uni-

versity School of Law. After discussing the nature of the public service rendered by a railroad, the benefits conferred by it on the public, and the burdens imposed by it on the public, he comes to his main purpose — "the amelioration of the existing relations between railway corporations and the public whom they serve." This is attempted in the four final chapters on the results of ineffectual control, the reasonableness of rates, the standard of service, and the proper regulation of service.

Here we have a model treatise on a vexing question. Approaching this from the "inside" standpoint, equipped with expert experience, and yet with an *a priori* handicap — in the reader's opinion — through his very identification in sympathy with the railway managers, he soon commands respectful and admiring attention through his dispassionate and judicial frame of mind, which never once fails him. He sees as a railway man — he sees as truly as one of the great travelling and shipping and consuming public. The tone and the temper are as admirable as though he might be a university professor of railway economics engaged in academic discussion. This contrasts favorably with the almost petulant impatience displayed in the recent special message of President Roosevelt, as he contemplates the obdurate federal judge who decides according to his conviction as to the law and the Constitution. We note the following passage:

"Cases (under the Interstate Commerce Act) were contested step by step from the hearings before the Commission up through the lower courts, until at length they reached the Supreme Court for its interpretation. But in each case that court restricted its decision, as far as practicable, to the issues directly involved in the case on appeal; and frequently it happened that the appeal resulted in the case being sent back, either to a lower court with instructions, or to the Commission for a rehearing. It was a slow process, and one which severely tested the patience of those who felt that their grievances remained in the meantime unremedied. Yet it was necessarily consequent upon the application of legislation in an untried field of such magnitude, and which was occupied by a conflict of complicated interests. By degrees the decisions of the Supreme Court dissipated the obscurity which had overshadowed the provisions of the Act, and pointed out the way to their proper interpretation."

In this connection Mr. Merritt does equal justice to the Commission and to the Federal courts when he discerningly says:

"The present Commission is composed of men of undoubted integrity and of great individual acumen. They have been battling with some of the greatest problems which have ever confronted any similar body of men. The subject-matter with which they are dealing is of comparatively recent origin. Their decisions can-

* RAILWAY CORPORATIONS AS PUBLIC SERVANTS. By Henry S. Haines. New York: The Macmillan Co.

FEDERAL REGULATION OF RAILWAY RATES. By Albert N. Merritt. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

not be based upon a long line of judicial opinions. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that they have made mistakes. That those individuals whose limited field of investigation has been entirely confined to those cases where the decisions of the Commission have appeared the weakest, the purpose of whose investigations has been to find fault with the work of the Commission, should find abundant material for their purpose, is by no means remarkable. . . . With regard to the points of law upon which the Commission and the Courts have been at variance, the Commission has in each case assumed the reasonable interpretation which would give to the Interstate Commerce Law the broad application which its framers evidently intended that it should have, while the Courts on the other hand have narrowed and moulded its application till its interpretation is more in accordance with the genius of our institutions, which is to give the largest possible range to private initiative which is consistent with equal rights and justice to all, by which policy it is believed that in the long run the greatest good will be secured for the greatest number."

It may be pertinent to add that Courts which have given some recent decisions that are in every memory, deserve courteous treatment on the part of a government whose hands they have so much strengthened. The decision in the Brown case in 1896, which enables the government to give complete immunity to witnesses, and so secure testimony previously unattainable; the Joint-Traffic decision in 1899 and the Addyston Pipe Company decision in 1899, which brought under the ban of the Sherman Act of 1890 any form of combination in restraint of trade by railroads and industrials respectively; and the Northern Securities decision in 1904, which forbade the railroads to smuggle in again the trust form of combination in the guise of a holding company; these alone, out of a number, bear sufficient testimony to the coöperation of the Federal bench in the arduous undertaking of preventing injurious monopoly. When in 1892 the famous decision by Justice Blatchford in the Counselman case sustained this witness in his refusal to possibly incriminate himself, and Congress passed in the next session an act of immunity for witnesses under such circumstances, Judge Grosscup, in the notable decision for James and McLeod, still sustained these witnesses in their refusal to testify, on the ground that the statute did not secure to a witness "his place in society, his good name in the world." Just now it is interesting to recall that the administration of that day did not publicly censure Judge Grosscup for a decision which arrested its procedure—for the government could not carry a criminal case further by appeal to a higher court. Silently the department of justice took up the line of march *de novo* on a similar case that came up just then in a lower court in Pennsylvania,

and after three years the administration was rewarded for its patience and composure when, in the Brown case, the Supreme Court sustained the helpful decision rendered in the two lower courts.

Mr. Haines, when he discusses rate-making, gets away from a crude "cost of service" theory, without landing in a brutal "what the traffic will bear." He says:

"Viewing the service of transportation as a contract relation, the standard for determining the reasonableness of the compensation demanded for rendering a specific service should include, as one of its elements, a recognition of the value of the service to the person for whose benefit it is performed, as well as the cost to the person performing it. . . . The cost is the lowest compensation that the carrier would accept; its value to the traveller or shipper is the highest compensation that he would pay. Somewhere between these limits there is a balance or reasonable adjustment of the benefit to each of the parties to the transaction."

That "somewhere" he further indicates in saying:

"An average standard of service should be established as to speed of trains, character of equipment, and other conditions as to safety, comfort and convenience; the number and frequency of such trains should be suited to the average requirements of the people in general; and this service should be rendered at a fixed rate per mile per passenger. . . . Viewing the railroad company as a public servant, it would be expected to meet the necessary requirements of the public at large at the actual cost of service, that cost including a fair rate of interest upon the investment in private property. . . . If the necessary requirements of the travelling public are to be furnished at cost, where is the profit to the railroad stockholder, the inducement to invest money in the performance of a public service? The answer is based upon the other element of a reasonable rate—the value of the service performed in each specific transaction apart from its value as a necessary requirement for the people in general. The specific value to each person is in the different character of the service rendered, the difference to be measured by the departure from the average service required for the average mileage rate of fare."

Mr. Haines suggests that this departure from the average service may involve greater speed, or better accommodations, and that the carriers should sell such higher values in speed and comfort for what they could obtain. He would make an average service second class, a better than average first class, and a less than average third class. This is his proposition for passenger traffic. Coming to freight traffic, he seeks to find "some commodity which in weight and bulk constitutes an average percentage of the total traffic, and which is not susceptible of the distinctions as to inherent qualities, manner of packing, and insurable value, which affect the classification of most commodities for transportation by rail." It should be a commodity in

such general use that fluctuations in its price would not merely affect a class of users, but would exert a general and profound influence upon the public welfare." He finds this in bituminous coal, and would base a reasonable rate on the average cost of service per ton mile, eliminating the elements of equipment other than motive power and those of receipt and delivery, since these may be and have been handled in private cars on private terminals.

Space does not allow even the presentation of the forcible arguments set forth by Mr. Haines against government ownership, but a few words must be given to his suggestions for a more rational and effective control of railroads. He would "make the corporations penally responsible for results,—its officials also, if you please,—but leave the means to them." He would secure the advantages of unified railroad management and of efficient government supervision, without permitting further consolidation or resorting to State ownership, by taking into counsel with the Interstate Commerce Commission the American Railway Association and the traffic associations. The sooner public opinion removes the ban of outlawry from railway men as such, the sooner we may come to some rational control which recognizes the values and the rights involved on either side.

This book is an admirable chapter added to the fruitful discussion of railway problems. One misleading misprint should be corrected in another edition by the insertion of a decimal point before the figures on page 111 giving the passenger rates in Germany, Russia, and India.

Mr. Merritt's work on "Federal Regulation of Rates" is a prize volume in response to the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner, and Marx of Chicago, and is a careful and dispassionate piece of work. After showing that rates in this country have not been excessive, and that the public grievance is discrimination rather than extortion, the writer justifies federal control and condemns rate-making by a commission. In an excellent discussion of a rational plan for public control of rate-making, he suggests that something must be wrong with the present commission plan in that it has produced such general dissatisfaction. He gives the Commission due credit, and explains the fact that ninety per cent of the cases which it has carried to the courts have been decided against it, in the passage we have already cited. The radical basis of the weakness of the present Commission he very justly finds in the inconsistency of its functions.

It is to the railroads "police magistrate, prosecuting attorney, and judge; the law imposes upon it both the administrative duty of investigating alleged violations of the law, and of prosecuting offenders, while at the same time it is given the quasi judicial duty of sitting as a court to try the cases in which it is itself frequently the prosecutor." He is not pleased with the discretionary power to fix rates given to the Commission by the Hepburn law, and his own constructive contribution to this discussion is the suggestion of a special court for the handling of railway cases, to which the Commission could present its findings. To the objection that such a court could not be empowered to fix rates, but could merely declare certain rates illegal, and that an endless series of such declarations might be made necessary by the nominal reduction in infinitesimal sums, he well replies that a court can always enjoin the whole as well as the part of an unlawful thing. This book, while inferior in command of English style to the one reviewed with it, is of equal value as to the temper and the matter.

JOHN J. HALSEY.

RECENT FICTION.*

With unexpected promptitude, Mr. De Morgan has put forth a new novel, and for the third time in two years has provided his readers with a more delectable feast than many of them had ever hoped to partake of, except by going back to the bountiful tables spread for them by Dickens and Thackeray. Really, if this rate of production is kept up, our older novelists will have to look to their laurels, for the new one is fast proving himself their equal in richness of mind, in depth of human sympathy, and in skilled delineation of character and contrivance of plot. We are not prepared to say that "Somehow Good" is any better than its two predecessors; but we are quite sure that it has given us the same general quality of enjoyment, and that a higher quality than is derivable from the work of any other novelist now living and active in either England or America. The announcement of its appearance will fill many hearts with anticipative joy, and its reading will realize every reasonable expectation. The title, of course, is a Tennysonian tag, taken from one of the most familiar passages of "In Memoriam."

* *SOMEHOW GOOD.* By William De Morgan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

SHEAVES. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

FOR JACINTA. By Harold Bindloss. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

GENT. The Story of a Pagan. By Beatrice Mantle. New York: The Century Co.

THE ANCIENT LAW. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

The "sins of will" and "taints of blood" out of which good is finally wrought are revealed to us in somewhat shadowy outline, but we gather, as the story occasionally gives us glimpses of the past, enough of their general character to reconstruct the essentials of a basis of understanding. Some score of years before the story opens, an English girl had gone out to India and had fallen the victim of a seducer. We are not exactly told, but are made to infer, that her betrayer had resorted to a baseness that in some manner made her out to be less blameworthy than a bare statement of her case would make her appear. Soon after the betrayal, the young Englishman to whom she was betrothed had come out to urge his claim, had married her, had afterwards discovered her secret, and, after vainly seeking a legal separation, had deserted wife and child, disappearing for parts unknown. It takes a long time for the reader to piece this history together (as readers of "Alice-for-Short" will not need to be told), for the author makes a fine art of indirection, and one must have all the shrewdness of a detective to recognize the clues that are hidden in the most unexpected crevices of the text. The beginning of the story simply introduces to our attention a bronzed stranger arriving in London and making the preliminary arrangements for settling down in a country which he has evidently not visited for many years. He is a man of wealth, for he has cabled to New York for credit, but that is practically all that we are told about him. Before he has been in London twenty-four hours he has an accident in the Twopenny Tube which gives the story its real starting-point. Reaching under the seat to recover a lost coin, he receives a current of high voltage, and, otherwise rallying from the shock, it is found that his memory has completely disappeared. He knows nothing of the past, does not even remember his own name. A young woman, his fellow-passenger, having been talking with him just before, feels somehow responsible for him, and, not knowing what else to do, takes him to her home in a cab. Now this young woman is his own daughter, legally although not legitimately, and her mother is the wife whom he has not seen for twenty years. When the mother (and wife) sees him, she knows him at once, but restrains herself to the point of making no exhibition of her emotion. During the following days, as the stranger becomes a normal man again in all respects save that of his lapsed memory, he proves so agreeable an inmate of the household that he is invited to stay on; he gets a business position in the city, and settles down to a routine existence. As time goes on, he comes to love the woman who has befriended him, but is always haunted by the fear that somewhere in his forgotten past there may be a wife who is mourning his disappearance. The real wife, meanwhile, does not dare to enlighten him, for that might mean a recurrence of the old repulsion, and a second desertion. After a while, however, both yield to the call of affection, and a wedding takes place. The leading interest of the

story, from this time on, is found in the psychological study of the man's mind, for memory does come fully back to him in the end, but by slow degrees and evoked by all sorts of subtly suggestive associations. In this aspect, the author's treatment of the story is absolutely masterly, revealing, if anything, a higher power than is displayed in his earlier novels. When recollection returns to him in full flood, its imagined terrors are dissipated for both man and woman, and the tale ends serenely. Space does not permit us to write at any length of the minor characters or the secondary elements of the plot. There are a dozen other figures besides those of the two principals, outlined with penetration and genial insight,—figures that the best of novelists might be proud to own. The young people concerned have their love-stories also, and two such affairs, discussed and illustrated at great length, lend their charm to the narrative. The plot, while simple in one sense, is extremely ingenious and complicated in another, for it involves the twisting together of two sets of threads, broken for many years, and the uniting into a congruous whole of elements seemingly almost as disparate as those of "Alice-for-Short." And the writer's style—simple and natural, freighted alternately with rich humor and warm-hearted philosophy—is so enjoyable on its own account that it makes garrulity a virtue, and gives point to the most pointless of digressions. If yearly novels from this master-hand are to be a feature of the bookish future, we shall hope to keep a hold upon life as long as they last.

Another of the novels which Mr. E. F. Benson puts forth with such unflagging industry is at hand. It is entitled "Sheaves," which may mean anything you wish, and introduces us to a group of the English gentlefolk whose lives and manners and ideas the author knows so intimately. They are interesting people, and their characters are drawn for us with evident fidelity. Conversation and incident are alike natural, and the author's contribution of comment and analysis is temperate and pleasing. The leading purpose of the story is to study the case of a man married to a woman many years his senior. It is an ideal union in all respects save that of age, and nothing mars its happiness until the wife contracts tuberculosis, and the couple join the colony of exiles at Davos. A year or two still remains for her, and their happiness goes on under the new conditions with hardly a flaw. But the end is inevitable, and when it comes we have a feeling that the author found it a relief—that he could not see how to sustain the unnatural situation any longer. It must be admitted that the story, even then, is drawn out to tiresome length, and that it demands much judicious skipping if it is to provide tolerable entertainment. Mr. Benson is too facile a writer to achieve the higher aims of fiction, and one is not likely to remember his novels six months after having read them.

Mr. Harold Bindloss takes us to the Canaries and the west coast of Africa for the scene of his novel. "For Jacinta" tells us, in the main,

desperate venture which has for its object the floating of a sunken ship and the salvage of its cargo of palm oil. Two men engage in this enterprise, both for love. It is the story of a struggle with loathsome conditions and deadly disease, told with much of the grim power that Mr. Conrad has applied to similar situations. The strong man contending with adverse circumstance is evidently the favorite theme of this writer, who has illustrated it alike in the Cuban jungle and on the prairies of the Canadian northwest. He now gives us a new variant upon the same theme. Jacinta, the daughter of an English merchant in the Canaries, is the sort of heroine who is so keen about character that, before she will surrender to a man's love, she will insist upon his acquiring merit (as the Japanese say) by meeting the test of danger, and staking his life for her sake upon the odd chance of success. This does not seem to us altogether admirable, but the hero seems to have liked her all the more for it, and took the risk. The story is capably told, and takes us to an interesting part of the world not much frequented by novelists. As in all the books by Mr. Bindloss that we have read, the money motive is forced a little too much, jarring the romantic sensibilities to which he particularly endeavors to appeal.

A lumber camp which seems to be somewhere in the Oregon country is the scene of Miss Mantle's "Gret." Gret is unfortunate in her parents. Her father, who owns the camp, prefers the gaiety of Portland to the simple life of the woods, and her mother, who lives in the camp with her, lets the child grow up without much care. In consequence, Gret is a very unconventional maiden with ideas of her own. She has also engaging qualities which make her the idol of the men, and her sway over her rough subjects is absolute. One day a youth suggests that they get married, and Gret, after weighing the suggestion and realizing that relations with her own family are getting a little strained, falls in with the plan. Her only idea about it is that if the trouble at home should become acute, she would want another place to go to. So the two start out one morning on an all-day excursion, and when they return in the evening they have been united by a justice of the peace of a town some miles distant. But on the way back Gret calmly informs the youth that he is to say nothing about it until he gets her permission. Then months, and even years go by, and nothing more is said upon the subject. They meet casually in the camp, but the marriage episode is completely ignored and practically forgotten. Presently a glimpse of the great world comes to our little pagan heroine, brought by some young men who undertake to operate a saw-mill in the neighborhood of the camp. Their ignorance is so pathetic that Gret is moved to pity, takes the burden upon her shoulders, and converts failure into success. A man of wealth and culture comes to visit them, makes Gret's acquaintance, and is charmed by her unsophistication and native strength of character. She offers so refreshing a contrast to the women of the world whom he

has known and who have for many years sought to make him their prey, that he asks her to be his wife, and she, having learned for the first time the meaning of love, joyfully consents. Then follows a season in San Francisco, where Gret blossoms out and wins all hearts by her fresh charm. Then comes a return to the camp, and the discovery of Gret's early marriage. She is quite frank about it, and admits to him that she had never intended to mention the incident, regarding it as closed and quite insignificant. Naturally, the man of the world cannot view the matter in just that light, and Gret's romance is ended forever. Thus is brought to its semi-tragic conclusion a story which is told with singular charm, and which is remarkable alike for picturesque quality and penetrative insight into character.

Miss Glasgow's latest novel has both dignity and charm, although certain almost melodramatic happenings, huddled into the closing chapters, do not seem quite in keeping with the sincerity and restraint of what has gone before. "The Ancient Law" is the title of the book, and its theme is the inevitable consequence of sin. The hero, when we first make his acquaintance, has just been released from prison, where he has served a term of several years for the fraudulent diversion of trust funds. He had been happily married, but temptation had proved too much for him, and a desire to keep the pace of New York life had led to his downfall. In consequence of his crime, his father (a wealthy Virginian) had disowned him, but had offered a home to his wife and child. We meet him one spring morning, on the road in Virginia, ready to start life anew. His prison years have chastened him, and the wild impulses which had once made him a criminal have been wholly subdued. His one purpose henceforth is to expiate his fault by a life of helpful service to his fellows. He settles in the first country town that offers him an opening, and soon strikes root there. His past is behind him, and his new associates know nothing of it. His kindly ways soon win for him the esteem of the little community, and presently his neighbors turn to him for leadership and even seek to make him the mayor of the town. Then the long-delayed blow falls upon his head; the story of his past comes out, and he determines to seek a new home. At just this juncture, however, news comes to him of his father's death, and of the wish of his wife and child that he should come to live with them again. The double crisis occurs midway in the narrative, and gives a new complexion to the second half of the book. His life henceforth is one of luxury but also of moral isolation. He is received by his family, but cannot be one of them. He has offended their proudest traditions, and the reconciliation is only a surface affair. The wife will do her duty by him, but she cannot control the feeling of repulsion which his presence creates. His only comfort is in his daughter, who loves him, but in whose nature he discovers an alarming intensification of his own early recklessness. This, in fact, leads her to the brink of disaster, from which, for a

time, he rescues her. The later chapters of the story have a sort of Jean Valjean pathos that works powerfully upon the reader's feelings. The end is rather inconclusive, but falls just short of tragedy, for it leaves the hero with the prospect of a return to the little town in which his new life began, and of a peaceful rounding out of a destiny that had once seemed hopelessly shattered.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Leisurely
essays of the
Elia sort.*

The name of Mr. E. V. Lucas is probably associated by most American readers with a series of delightful anthologies, delightfully named. "The Open Road," "The Friendly Town," "The Gentlest Art," — each title is alluring, and the contents, chosen on no merely mechanical principle, amply fulfil the promise of the titles. But Mr. Lucas's literary labors are not limited to compilation; he is also an essayist with several small volumes to his credit, each marked by the same unique quality that distinguishes his editorial work. The latest of these, "Character and Comedy" (Macmillan), is made up in about equal parts of informal essays and sketches and of ironic episodes related by means of letters. The essays are of an Elia flavor, full of piquant humor, keen psychology, intent and happy observation of the minor issues of life. "I am not lucky," complains Mr. Lucas, apropos of his exceptional experiences with a Persian kitten. "The harvest of my quiet eye comprises little that is unusual." And so he asserts a great envy of men who have "the luck of the woods" (as he calls the faculty of happening upon the rare and curious sights of nature), a great liking for detective stories and for "the old-fashioned novel in which there are long journeys, and in which new characters are continually appearing," and a firm conviction that the perfect life is that of the conjurer who goes about "continually mystifying fresh groups of people — with cab fares both ways and a satisfactory fee." This playful, unhurried view of life — with long afternoons to spend poking about the Zoo, summer holidays for walking trips through quiet Shropshire, spare time to enjoy Boswell and to evoke a flesh-and-blood cousin for Charles Lamb out of a casual reference in a letter — this sort of life is finding less and less expression in the world of letters. Wherefore many readers, who lament the passing of the essay, will welcome Mr. Lucas's practice of it. The epistolary comedies are amusing in their way, but Mr. Lucas lacks the dramatic sense to bring them to a telling climax.

*Seven studies,
dramatic and
terminological.*

The actor's craft and personality are receiving at least their share of attention in contemporary publications; and one could wish that more of the articles and books in this field exhibited the quiet tone, the neglect of the negligible, and the almost legal bal-

ance of Mr. H. B. Irving's "Occasional Papers" (Small, Maynard & Co.). The author is a student of history with a good Oxford training, a member of the English bar, and a successful actor, representing the honorable traditions and aspirations of the best dramatic circles. All of these influences are apparent in the present volume. The first four essays deal with such topics as "The Calling of the Actor" and "The English Stage in the Eighteenth Century." Under the latter caption, which belongs to the most serious study in the volume, Mr. Irving points out that during this second great century of our national stage the interest shifts from the drama to the player; it was the age of plays deserving soon to die, presented by actors of enduring fame, who were spurred to the highest histrionic effort by the inadequate scenery, the anachronous costumes, and the immediate criticism of a most free-speaking body of spectators. Of this last incentive many instances, some of them even literally striking, are embodied in the chapter. The second and fourth essays might have been welded advantageously into one, offering a discussion of the actor's calling and status. There is not a little suggestiveness in the constant recurrence of such expressions as "social recognition," and in Mr. Irving's emphasis on the growing respectability of the craft. One encouraging and laudable feature is the author's insistence on the desirability and possibility of unsullied character and lofty moral ideals in the life behind the scenes and off the stage. The last three studies are devoted to three notorious criminal cases, which are readably presented with no disturbing suggestion of the "detective" method. Between the two parts of the work there seems to be no necessary connection, — although it is possible that by some subtle psychology the reader interested in the actor is often interested in the criminal, and the present reviewer may admit that he passed from the first division of essays to the second with no particular difficulty. On the whole, the hours devoted to Mr. Irving's "Occasional Papers" will be spent pleasantly, and not without gain, by readers who have not already come across most of the studies in the English magazines.

*Topography of
primitive Athens.*

The blue cover of Miss Jane Harrison's "Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens" is hardly less familiar to the archaeological tourist than is the red binding of the tripper's "Baedeker." But the book is overweighted with speculative mythology; and as it is now superseded for scholars by Dr. Frazer's monumental edition of Pausanias, and for the general public by Professor Ernest Gardner's "Ancient Athens," Miss Harrison does not care to republish it. Instead, she issues, under the title "Primitive Athens as Described by Thucydides" (Cambridge University Press; New York: Putnam), a new manifesto of her allegiance to the theories of Dr. Dörpfeld against which Mr. Frazer and Mr. Gardner still harden their hearts. The little volume

of 168 pages takes the form of a commentary on the famous Chapter of Thucydides (II. 15) in which the historian demonstrates the small compass of primitive Athens by the fact that the oldest shrines are all either on the Acropolis or in the adjoining precinct to the south (or southwest). Miss Harrison discusses all the old topographical problems which look so large when we are at Athens, and so small, except to specialists, when we are away. She tells us all that is known and much that is conjectured of the earlier pre-Persian Athens on which Pater's imagination so fondly dwelt, and of the earliest Mycenaean Athens on the Acropolis. She gives her reasons as a scholar, but what is perhaps her chief reason she does not explicitly mention: Dr. Dörpfeld, most persuasive of lecturers, most fascinating in personality, is infallible. Miss Harrison's book, which is admirably illustrated, is by no means too technical to be enjoyed by any intelligent reader who has visited or intends to visit Athens. But only in the pages of a technical journal could the dissenting critic animadvert upon her construing of Thucydides (in which she follows Professor Verrall), her interpretation of the "Enneakrounos Episode," or her identification (pp. 97-8) of the Lenæa with the Anthesteria in the face of recent evidence that proves them distinct.

*The freedmen
in and after
the Civil War.*

General John Eaton's book entitled "Grant, Lincoln, and the Freedmen" (Longmans) is an interesting and valuable addition to the historical literature of the Civil War period. It deals mainly with one subject—the condition of the Southern negroes during the war, the efforts that were made to protect them from the results of their own ignorance, helplessness, and lack of morality, and the efforts to help them make the beginnings of an independent life. General Eaton, then Chaplain of an Ohio regiment, with some experience as a school superintendent, was selected by General Grant in 1862 to care for the contrabands who were flocking by thousands into the Union lines. He shrank from the great burden; but Grant, with the insight that marked his military appointments, urged it upon him. It is needless to say that the work was carried on with ability and conscience, and that the efficiency of the Superintendent grew with the increase of the burden. General Eaton's duties and position brought him into intimate personal contact with Grant, and they were friends until Grant's death. The book gives an insight into Grant's mind and heart that is exceedingly interesting. The author shows Grant's keen interest in the welfare of the freedmen, and his intuitive grasp of the great questions involved. Every appeal to him met with ready response and loyal support, and this interest and support were not lessened even when the awful responsibility of the whole war was put upon him. At the time when his own standing was still insecure, Grant took the risk of furnishing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rations and clothing to the needy freedmen on his own respon-

sibility, without orders or authority to do it. In 1870 General Eaton was appointed by Grant Commissioner of Education, and so maintained his personal relations with him. The author was also brought into official and personal relations with Lincoln, and tells many interesting stories of those eventful years.

*Impressions of
Italian cities.*

Five years ago this journal noticed Mr. Arthur Symonds's volume entitled "Cities," and accorded its author the praise of treating with attractive individualism a commonplace theme. In his latest book, that well-known *littérateur* has brought together such of his writings as he hoped would lay open to his readers the souls of some "Cities of Italy" (Dutton). "And as love, or it may be hate, can alone reveal soul to soul, among human beings, so, it seems to me, the soul of a city will reveal itself only to those who love, or, perhaps, hate it, with a far-sighted emotion." In this frame of mind, which is becoming delightfully familiar and has been so daintily voiced by "Vernon Lee" in her "Genius Loci," Mr. Symonds deals with the historic centres of Italian life and culture. Not seldom his treatment becomes purely a consideration of the local manifestation of the art spirit, — as in the pages on Brescia; nor are the sections representing this tendency the least attractive in the book to a reader at all interested in Italian painting. Space forbids the recording of mild protests; but the reviewer happened to spend the same winter in Rome that gave Mr. Symonds the basis of his chapters on that ever-beloved mistress of the seven hills, and we have one tiny quarrel: in the course of forty pages our author lovingly describes three sunsets, whereas the glorious softly-shifting lights of those wintry mornings are coldly neglected. And this personal subjective difference may serve to indicate pretty adequately the tone of most of the criticisms we should pass upon the book. It is a volume well worth while, and will be enjoyed by many readers; it will be most valuable and most enjoyable for those who have basked long enough in Italy's smile and learned enough of her nature to compare impressions and to enter upon the little, lovable, silent controversies that add so much flavor to literature of this type.

*Hunting for
stained glass
in France.*

In these days of universal travel and of the almost universal writing of travel-books, it is unusual to find an author whose point of view is unique or whose subject-matter is unhackneyed. But these difficult requirements seem to be met by Mr. Charles Hitchcock Sherrill, whose "Stained Glass Tours in France" (John Lane Co.) furnishes the jaded traveller with a new fad which, if it suits his taste, will at once add zest to and direct his wanderings. Mr. Sherrill states the purpose of his book tersely in his "foreword": it provides an answer to the question, "Where does one find good stained glass in France, and how can it most conveniently be seen?" Mr. Sherrill modestly adds that he is "not an authority

on glass — just a lawyer on a holiday," who, having enjoyed his own "stained glass tours" thinks that a "simple touring hand-book" may help other travellers to enjoy theirs. In the interests of simplicity, the glass has been divided into three groups: thirteenth century and earlier, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and sixteenth century; and for each epoch a tour has been arranged, with a map showing the most convenient order to pursue in visiting the various churches and châteaux. Mr. Sherrill's descriptions of the distinctive windows in each town are simple, non-technical, and interesting. The subject of glass is inextricably associated with the more general one of architecture, but Mr. Sherrill displays a nice sense of proportion in making the necessary connection and yet keeping strictly to his chosen field.

Some literary opinions and examinations.

A dozen essays of varying merit make up the volume of Professor Brander Matthews's "Inquiries and Opinions" (Scribner). Some of them might better have been left to the temporary honor of the popular magazine, to be read and enjoyed and forgotten; others deserve the doubtful permanence given to-day by publication in book form. A short piece of biographical criticism on Mark Twain, which has already served as an introduction to a complete edition of that author's works, aims at giving our greatest American humorist a place in literature among writers of high seriousness, such as Molière and Cervantes, Chaucer and Fielding. If he does not equal these mighty ones, our essayist holds, he belongs to their class, though how far down in the class it is for the future to declare. In this belief a good many admirers of Mark Twain will be ready to concur. The superiority of Poe's detective-stories is shown by comparison with the broken-backed productions of Gaboriau, not to mention the "thrillers" of the ten-cent magazines. It is interesting to note that none of these writers has improved in technique upon Poe, though, as Professor Matthews says in another essay in this volume, the followers usually improve upon the master in this respect. It merely means learning the rules of the game. How well Ibsen has learned these rules in the drama is clearly brought out in the essay on "Ibsen the Playwright." He is a consummate craftsman, chief in his own art, however much he may fall short of those great qualities which distinguish Sophocles and Shakespeare and Molière.

An American's impressions of Poland.

"Poland, the Knight among Nations" (Revell), by Mr. Louis E. Van Norman, is a comprehensive first-hand study of the modern Polish nation, with some account of the history that has made her what she is. Mr. Van Norman visited Poland for the "Review of Reviews." He was treated with signal honors on various public occasions, and he stayed long enough to learn the language, enter into the life and the ideals of the people, and pay visits to their great men, including Sienkiewicz. His im-

pressions of the country make interesting reading, because he is full of his subject and treats it from so many points of view. He takes his title from Victor Hugo's phrase for the rôle Poland has played as militant guardian of the western boundary of European civilization and the Christian faith. The relations of dismembered Poland with her three masters — Russia, Austria, and Prussia — are explained in interesting chapters, which have for their substructure a close analysis of the Polish national character, with its splendid virtues and fatal defects. Several Polish cities are described, including Czenstochowa, "the Mecca of the Poles"; while a chapter entitled "A Voyage over the Steppes" gives a vivid impression of the rural scenery. And to round out the picture there is an account of the great patriot Kosciuszko and of the nation's leading artists, musicians, and writers, as well as of some distinguished Polish-Americans.

English domestic architecture and interior decoration.

An interesting study of domestic architecture in England, principally confined to work of the Gothic and Renascent periods, is presented in the second volume of "In English Homes" (Scribner), a lavishly illustrated quarto for which Mr. Charles Latham furnishes the photographs and Mr. H. Avray Tipping the textual comment. This last consists of an introductory account of the characteristics of the four periods of English home-building, with the emphasis on the two earlier ones, and of full descriptions of the fifty houses with whose interior decoration and furnishings and exterior appearance Mr. Latham's pictures make us familiar. In most cases, also, a good deal of the history of successive owners of the castles and estates is interwoven with the account of the additions and restorations that they made to their property; and in a few instances, — for example, Knebworth House, owned by the Lyttons, — the interesting family associations seem to be the chief reason for describing the mansion. Mr. Tipping promises another volume that shall be devoted to buildings of the classic and modern schools, but there are a few wholly modern houses in this collection; notably Clouds, in Salisbury, the crowning labor of Philip Webb, friend of Rossetti and Morris and architect of Morris's "Red House." The fine quality of Mr. Latham's work as artist-photographer is well-known. For the present volume he furnishes two hundred full-page plates and nearly as many smaller ones. The volume is substantially bound in blue buckram.

A belated book of the Jamestown Exposition.

What appears to be a belated James-town Exposition book is "The Old South and the New, from the Earliest Times to the Jamestown Exposition" (John C. Winston Co.). It contains over 600 pages, is printed on heavy white smooth paper, and is profusely illustrated with pictures of Southern people, scenes, and buildings. The text, which contains nothing new, gives an account of Southern history

from the beginning to the present time. It is written in easy style, has many good anecdotes, and deals mainly with the personal and picturesque elements in Southern history. The latter part of the book has much about present conditions, — the race problem, of course, the increasing output of staple crops, the development of mineral and forest wealth, the rise of manufactures and the growth of cities, and finally a history of Southern Expositions. In spite of the fact that in make-up it resembles the subscription book, it is better than most works of that kind, and will probably serve a useful purpose in giving some readers a knowledge of the South that they would not get from other accessible authorities. It is to be regretted that the author, Mr. Charles Morris, includes in his volume the classic myths about slavery and the Southern aristocracy.

BRIEFER MENTION.

It is not so uncommon a thing for an author to illustrate his own book; but for him also to design the make-up and set the type by hand is certainly unusual. This is what Mr. Ivan Swift has done for his volume entitled "Fagots of Cedar," a collection of verses of the Michigan woods and lumber camps, issued in an attractively made limited edition with the imprint of The Outer's Book Press of Milwaukee. At its best Mr. Swift's verse is virile, rhythmical, and full of meaning, suggesting kinship with the school of Kipling and Henley.

The following French texts have recently come to our desk: Hugo's "La Légende des Siècles" (Frowde), edited by Mr. G. F. Bridge; Barbier's "Iambes et Poèmes" (Frowde), edited by Mr. Charles M. Garnier; "Contes Choisis," by René Bazin (Heath), edited by Professor Victor E. François; "Extracts for Composition in French" (Heath), by M. J. E. Mansion; "Exercises in French Prose Composition" (Heath), by Professor W. W. Comfort; a volume of "French Short Stories" (Holt), edited by Dr. Douglas L. Buffum; and Renan's "Ma Sœur Henriette" (Holt), edited by Professor William F. Grise.

For some strange reason, the collected editions of Herr Björnson's novels, as published in both England and America, have hitherto failed to include his two most important works of this class. One of them, the greatest of all his novels, is now added to the edition published by the Macmillan Co. The work in question, "In God's Way," fills two volumes in the series edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The translation by Miss Elizabeth Carmichael, published somewhat furtively many years ago, is here reproduced, and Mr. Gosse's introduction even includes the statement that the author "has not yet approached his sixtieth year." Since he passed his seventy-fifth birthday last December, somebody is clearly chargeable with slovenliness in the preparation of these volumes for republication.

The china collector has no occasion nowadays to complain of lack of books about his fad, since nearly every month brings him a volume or two on some phase of the fascinating subject of ceramics. One of the latest to appear is Mr. C. H. Wylde's "How to Collect Continental China" (Macmillan). The initiated will probably know without being told that the "collector's

period" in European porcelains is the end of the seventeenth century and the eighteenth, since by the year 1810 the art of china decoration had sadly declined. Mr. Wylde gives the history of all the important old European factories, devoting most space to Sévres, where soft paste porcelain reached its perfection, and to Meissen, where the use of hard paste was discovered. There is also a careful account of the forms and styles of decoration characteristic of the various factories, many of whose productions are reproduced in some of the forty excellent plates. The makers' marks are also reproduced in facsimile.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers of "An Alphabetical Subject Index and Index Encyclopedia to Periodical Articles on Religion, 1890-1899," compiled and edited by Mr. Ernest Cushing Richardson. This is a work of enormous industry, forming a volume of nearly twelve hundred closely printed pages, containing perhaps seventy thousand references. If this represents the product of only ten years, it is evident that theological discussion does not suffer in our days from any lack of activity. Under the word "Bible" alone something like a thousand references are indexed. The number of periodicals indexed appears to be about fifteen hundred, and they represent all of the culturally important modern languages. Mr. Richardson has had several collaborators in this work, which is one of the most important bibliographical publications of recent years.

A volume dealing with the work of Michael Angelo has been added to the familiar "Drawings of the Great Masters" series, and one on Rembrandt, with an introduction by A. M. Hinds, to the similar series called "Great Etchers" (Scribner). The latter contains sixty-one plates arranged chronologically and together making an impressive commentary on the steady development of Rembrandt's genius. The introduction comments interestingly upon his choice of subjects, his artistic style and methods, and contemporary and present-day estimates of his etchings. Mr. E. Borroughs Johnson contributes a commentary upon "The Drawings of Michael Angelo," pointing out the wonderful draughtsmanship and knowledge of human anatomy which are displayed in even the simplest of the cartoons. Several of these latter are reproduced in tint.

Mr. L. Stanley Jast's "Classification of Library Economy and Office Papers" (and of supplies too, though that is not mentioned in its title), will give a fair idea of the manifold details that compose a modern librarian's daily life and work. For instance, — to choose from both the practical and cultural side of his calling, — under the head of "Extension Work" we find such matters as conferences between the library authorities and other organizations or public bodies, the relations of the library to local factories, exhibitions, circulars, and, of course, work with the schools and with children in general; and under the head of "Buildings" all the various rooms that are needed for the work of the library, including staff rooms and storage rooms, and then the matters of heating, ventilation, and the different kinds of furniture. The scheme is worked out as a part of Mr. J. D. Brown's "Subject Classification," and was first printed as part of that work; it has now been issued separately, with a very full index. It might be found suggestive to others besides librarians who wish to keep in proper order their office papers and other memoranda, or an assortment of stationery supplies. (London: Library Supply Company.)

NOTES.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Justin McCarthy's popular and readable "History of Our Own Times" is now published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Messrs. Ginn & Co. send us a volume of "Specimens of Prose Composition," for use in college classes, the work of Messrs. C. R. Nutter, F. W. C. Hersey, and C. N. Greenough.

A third edition of Mr. George B. Rose's "Renaissance Masters" is published by the Messrs. Putnam. A new chapter on Claude Lorraine is now added to the seven of the original work.

Dr. Walter Dennison has edited a volume of Livy for college use, and the text is published by the Macmillan Co. Book I. is given complete, but only selections from Books II. to IX. are included.

Professor Schillings's "Don Basilio," being a practical guide to Spanish conversation and correspondence, edited by Mr. Frederick Zagel, is a recent educational publication of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.

"The Wisdom of the Wise," by Professor W. Cunningham, is a small volume containing three lectures on free trade imperialism, published by Messrs. Putnam for the Cambridge University Press.

"Hamlet and the Ur-Hamlet" is the title of a new volume of "The Bankside-Restoration Shakespeare." The work has an introduction by Mr. Appleton Morgan, and is issued by the Shakespeare Society of New York.

"Adventures with Indians" is the title of a new volume in the "Stories of Adventure" series, published by the Messrs. Harper. There are a baker's dozen of the stories, by something less than that number of authors. Boys will like them.

"Enamelling," by Mr. Lewis F. Day, is a work imported by the Messrs. Scribner, and forms a new volume in the series entitled "The Course of Art and Workmanship." The book is handsomely printed and has many illustrations.

A quarto publication of the University of Pennsylvania gives us a "Catalogue and Re-measurement of the 648 Double Stars Discovered by Professor G. W. Hough." This monograph is the work of Professor Eric Doolittle of the Flower Astronomical Observatory.

Volume III. of "My Memoirs," by Alexandre Dumas, and two more volumes of the same author's "Celebrated Crimes," have just been published by the Macmillan Co. The introductions are furnished, respectively, by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. R. S. Garnett.

Volume II. of the revised edition of "A Treatise on Chemistry," by Messrs. Roscoe and Schorlemmer, is published by the Macmillan Co. It is a work of over fourteen hundred pages, having "The Metals" for its special subject-matter. The revision has been done by Sir H. E. Roscoe and Dr. A. Harden.

Charles F. Chioester, treasurer of The Century Co. and one of its three trustees, died in New York on February 20. Mr. Chioester had been connected with The Century Co. since 1875, and his ability and judgment were vital factors in bringing this house to the honorable position it now holds in the American book trade.

Two recent publications of the University of Pennsylvania are of literary interest. "The Life and Works of Christobal Suárez de Figueroa" is a study of an important Spanish author of the seventeenth century,

in the form of a doctoral dissertation, by Mr. J. P. Wickersham Crawford. "Studies in the Word-Play of Plautus" is a thesis of similar nature, the work of Dr. Charles Jastrow Mendelsohn.

Volume II., Part I., of Mr. Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs," published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., includes descriptions and drawings of twenty-five species of ligneous plants, hitherto unknown or almost so. Six of the species are of *Crataegus* and eight of *Viburnum*. The remainder represent eight other genera.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have published a new and cheaper edition of Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist." The new edition is made uniform with Professor Lounsbury's other Shakespearean studies,—"The Text of Shakespeare" and "Shakespeare and Voltaire," the three volumes being collectively known as "The Wars of Shakespeare."

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has edited for the "Musicians' Library" of the Messrs. Ditson a volume of "Songs from the Operas for Soprano." Nineteen composers are represented, from the early Italians (Caccini, Bononcini, and Pergolesi) to the modern Frenchmen (Gounod, Delibes, and Bizet). The introductory matter is briefly but adequately descriptive of the selections, and the frontispiece is a group of nine portraits.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

March, 1908.

Actor and the Manager. The. Hartley Davis. *Everybody's*.
Aërial Navigation, Prospects of. Simon Newcomb. *No. Amer.*
American Army, Weakness of. Lieut. H. Johnson. *Everybody's*.
American Artist in the Sahara. An. C. W. Furlong. *World's Work*.
American Finance: Stock Exchange. J. P. Ryan. *Metropolitan*.
American Heiress, Pursuit of the. Anon. *Everybody's*.
American Mothers. Anna A. Rogers. *Atlantic*.
American Museum, A Great. H. C. Bumpus. *World's Work*.
American Rivers, Handling. W. A. Dupuy. *World's Work*.
America, Prophetic Voices about. W. G. Brown. *Atlantic*.
Antony and Cleopatra, The. Variorum. W. A. Nelson. *Atlantic*.
Balloon Voyage, A Record-Breaking. H. H. Clayton. *Atlantic*.
Bank-Deposit Insurance. David Kinley. *Review of Reviews*.
Bank Deposits, Guaranteeing. A. B. Nettleton. *Rev. of Revs.*
Beauty, Economic Forces for—I. R. L. Hart. *World's Work*.
Body, Rebuilding of a. W. R. C. Latson. *Outing*.
Books Worth While—VIII., "Vanity Fair." H. T. Peck. *Mansey*.
Bronze Sculpture in America. G. Edgerton. *Craftsman*.
Business Recovery, The Outlook for. H. C. Watson. *Rev. of Revs.*
Caucasus, The Fire of the. Henry W. Nevins. *Harper*.
Château and Country Life in France—IV., Ceremonies and Festivals. Mary King Waddington. *Scribner*.
China, Impending Changes in. W. A. P. Martin. *World's Work*.
Christianity and Health. Samuel McComb. *Century*.
Cleveland, Grover. John T. McCutcheon. *Appleton*.
Clubs, Cosmopolitan University. L. Lochner. *Rev. of Revs.*
Commerce, Controlling Conditions of. Profs. H. E. Gregory and A. G. Keller. *Harper*.
Cordilleras, Across the, in Winter. Arthur Ruhl. *Scribner*.
Corporations in Modern Business. G. W. Perkins. *No. Amer.*
Craft Movement, Government Aid for. H. R. Albee. *Craftsman*.
Desert Commonwealth. A. C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. *Craftsman*.
Diamond, Romance of the. Sir Wm. Crookes. *No. American*.
Diplomatic Life: Further Glimpses. Mms. de Bunsen. *Harper*.
Doctoring of the Future, The. Edward A. Ayers. *World's Work*.
Door, The Ivory. E. Ayrton Zangwill. *Lippincott*.
Educating Our Boys—I., The Cost. J. M. Rogers. *Lippincott*.
Encyclopedias, Past and Present. L. Windmüller. *Rev. of Revs.*
England and Germany. Edwin D. Mead. *Atlantic*.
England and Scotland, Through. Frank Prebrey. *Outing*.
Esparto-pickers of Tripoli. Charles W. Furlong. *Harper*.
Everglades, The Malignant. William Todd. *Outing*.
Farrar, Geraldine. Emily M. Burbank. *Century*.
Fighters in Real Life. Robert Edgren. *Outing*.

Finance, Methods of High. C. E. Russell. *Everybody's*.
 Food-Products of America. A. H. Ford. *Metropolitan*.
 Foreigners in the Northwest. F. G. Moorhead. *World's Work*.
 Foreign Tour at Home. A. I. Henry Holt. *Putnam*.
 Freethinker's Conclusions Examined. A. R. F. Coyle. *No. Amer.*
 Fruit-Farm, A One-Acre. W. H. Kirkbride. *Century*.
 Garden, How to Make a. Zona Gale. *Outing*.
 German Expansion. Baron von Speck-Sternburg. *No. Amer.*
 Giants, Some Ancient American. J. C. Beard. *Outing*.
 Gold, Can there be Too Much? Charles A. Conant. *Putnam*.
 Gondolier, The Venetian. Vance Thompson. *Outing*.
 Greenheart Fleet, The. D. A. Willey. *Metropolitan*.
 Habitant in Winter, The. Birge Harrison. *Scribner*.
 Handicrafts, Profitable. G. de Szegény. *Craftsman*.
 House Dignified, The—VI. Lillie Hamilton French. *Putnam*.
 Hughes, Erman J. Ridgway. *Everybody's*.
 Hughes and What He Stands for. Newspaper Man. *World's Work*.
 Hughes, How about? Ida M. Tarbell. *American*.
 Indian Princes, The Wealth of. A. V. W. Jackson. *Munsey*.
 Industrial Idleness, The Cause of. *Craftsman*.
 Inland Waterways—III. Herbert Quick. *Putnam*.
 Investment Securities—IV. Financier. *North American*.
 Ireland, The New—I. Sydney Brooks. *North American*.
 Japanese Immigration. S. Aoki. *World's Work*.
 Living within One's Means. E. S. Martin. *Appleton*.
 MacDowell, Lawrence Gilman. *Review of Reviews*.
 Magnetic Work of Carnegie Institution. H. T. Wade. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Man Out of Work, The. Arthur P. Kellogg. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Mars as the Abode of Life. Percival Lowell. *Century*.
 Meredith, George. Duncan Campbell Scott. *Munsey*.
 Millet, The Art of. Kenyon Cox. *Scribner*.
 Minerva, At the. Thomas A. Janvier. *Harper*.
 Mother Earth. John Burroughs. *Putnam*.
 Motor-boats as Pleasure Craft. W. L. Dudley. *Metropolitan*.
 Motoring Through France—III. Edith Wharton. *Atlantic*.
 Music-Education and "Automatics." Leo R. Lewis. *Atlantic*.
 Music-halls, London. Glimpses of. Horace Barnea. *Munsey*.
 Negro's Industrial Position in the North. R. S. Baker. *Amer.*
 Newspaper as It is. The. Charles H. Taylor. *Appleton*.
 Nominating a President. Victor Rosewater. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Optimism. Arthur C. Benson. *Putnam*.
 Original, On being. Irving Babbitt. *Atlantic*.
 Panama Canal: an English View. A. B. Colquhoun. *No. Amer.*
 Panlo, A Bulwark Against. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
 Parsons Post, For a. George V. L. Meyer. *North American*.
 "Perkins of the Burlington." Frederic A. Delano. *Appleton*.
 Photographing Indians. Edmond S. Meany. *World's Work*.
 Philosophers, Mr. Dooley on. F. P. Dunne. *American*.
 Poet's Mind, The. Max Eastman. *North American*.
 Portugal Among the Nations. Isabel Moore. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Tariffs in the British Empire, Preferential. Sir A. Moloney. *North American*.
 Psychopathic Rulers. Allan McLane Hamilton. *No. Amer.*
 Railway Rates and Rebates. Andrew Carnegie. *Century*.
 Rattlesnake, The Way of a. H. R. Sams. *Metropolitan*.
 Reading: An Essay. Edward S. Martin. *Harper*.
 Reaper, Romance of the—IV. H. N. Casson. *Everybody's*.
 Renan, Ernest, in his Youth—II. Alys Hallard. *Putnam*.
 Road, The Open. David Grayson. *American*.
 Saint-Gaudens, Augustus. Kenyon Cox. *Atlantic*.
 Saint-Gaudens, Later Works of. Homer Saint-Gaudens. *Century*.
 Salem Ships and Sailors, Old. Ralph D. Paine. *Outing*.
 Sea, Spring Awakening of the. H. J. Shannon. *Harper*.
 "Sense and Sensibility"—II. Helen Keller. *Century*.
 Sheep Barons, In the Land of. Arthur Chapman. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Sherman's Army, In the Track of. E. F. Andrews. *Appleton*.
 Singing, The Study of. Francis Rogers. *Scribner*.
 Sky, Experiences in the. Henry B. Hersey. *Century*.
 Stedman, Edmund C. Thomas W. Higginson. *Atlantic*.
 Sugar: A Lesson on Reciprocity. F. W. Taussig. *Atlantic*.
 Telephoning Through the Fleet. H. T. Wade. *World's Work*.
 Tenements, Money-making Model. L. E. Drew. *World's Work*.
 Uren, Lawgiver of Oregon. Lincoln Stephens. *American*.
 Vanderbilt, F. A., Banker-Journalist. C. F. Speare. *Rev. of Revs.*
 Volcanoes, On the Chase for. Robert Dunn. *Outing*.
 Washington Society, Old-Time. Lyndon Orr. *Munsey*.
 Washington, The Dehumanizing of. Owen Wister. *Everybody's*.
 Waste: Woman's Opportunity. Walter R. Evans. *Appleton*.
 West in the Orient, The—III. The Transformation of Transportation. Charles M. Pepper. *Scribner*.
 Will, A Strange. W. I. L. Lippincott. *Century*.
 Women of the West, Pioneer—I. Agnes C. Laut. *Outing*.
 Women's Sense of Honor. Mary Heaton Vorse. *Appleton*.
 Work: Does Yours Drive You? L. H. Gulick. *World's Work*.
 Worry: Home Treatment. George L. Walton. *Lippincott*.
 Yellow Book, Browning's Old. Charles W. Hodell. *Atlantic*.
 Yellow Journals, Psychology of. W. I. Thomas. *American*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 70 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

Rambling Recollections. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff. In two vols., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut, pp. 858. Macmillan Co. \$7.50 net.
With the Border Ruffians: Memories of the Far West. By R. H. Williams; edited by E. W. Williams. With portraits, 8vo, pp. 478. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
The Story of a Beautiful Duchess: Being an Account of the Life and Times of Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll. By Horace Bleackley. Illus. in photogravure, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 362. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.
The Life and Voyages of Joseph Wiggins, F.R.G.S., Modern Discoverer of the Kara Sea Route to Siberia, based on his journals and letters. By Henry Johnson. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 396. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5. net.
With Walt Whitman in Camden. By Horace Traubel. Vol. II. (July 18, 1888—October 31, 1888), illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 570. D. Appleton & Co. \$3. net.
Saint Catherine of Siena: A Study in the Religion, Literature, and History of the XIV. Century in Italy. By Edmund G. Gardner. Illus. in photogravure, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 440. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
James Francis Edward, the Old Chevalier. By Martin Halle. Illus. in photogravure, 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 479. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas; trans. by E. M. Waller, with Introduction by Andrew Lang. Vol. III., 1836 to 1839; with photogravure frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 643. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

HISTORY.

Studies in Venetian History. By Horatio F. Brown. In two vols., 8vo, gilt tops, pp. 715. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$6. net.
A Short History of Our Own Times from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Accession of Edward VII. By Justin McCarthy. New edition; 12mo, pp. 673. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50 net.
A History of the United States Navy. By John R. Spears. Illus., 12mo, pp. 334. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.
Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society. New vols., Millard Fillmore Papers. Edited by Frank H. Severance. In 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 1014. Buffalo, N. Y.: Buffalo Historical Society. Paper.
The Ancient History of China to the End of the Chou Dynasty. By Friedrich Hirth. 12mo, pp. 383. New York: Columbia University Press. \$2.50 net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Letters and Literary Memorials of Samuel J. Tilden. Edited by John Bigelow. In 2 vols., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut, pp. 732. Harper & Brothers. \$6. net.
Letters of Dr. John Brown. With Letters from Buskin, Thackeray, and Others. Edited by his son and D. W. Forrest. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 368. Macmillan Co. \$4. net.
Confessio Medici. By the writer of "The Young People." 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 158. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist, with an Account of His Reputation at Various Periods. By Thomas R. Lounsbury. New edition; 12mo, pp. 446. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

The Essays of Francis Bacon. Edited, with Introduction and notes, by Mary Augusta Scott. 12mo, pp. 293. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.
Celebrated Crimes. By Alexandre Dumas; with Introductions by R. S. Garnett. New vols.: The Crimes of All Pacha and Others; The Crimes of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and Others. Illus., 12mo. Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$1.75.
In God's Way: A Novel. By Björnsterne Björnson; trans. by Elizabeth Carmichael and edited by Edmund Gosse. In two vols., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut, pp. 416. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
Les Maitres Sonneurs. Par George Sand. Illus. in color, etc., by M. V. Wheelhouse. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 401. Macmillan Co. \$1.40 net.
Oraisons Funèbres. Par Jacques Bénigne Bossuet. With photogravure portrait, 16mo, gilt top, pp. 261. "Les Classiques Français." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1. net.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

- Through Italy with the Poets: An Anthology.** Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 429. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2. net.
- Ropes of Sand.** By Lura Kelsey Clendening. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 140. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.50.
- Songs and Poems.** By J. H. T. Case. 16mo, pp. 105. London: David Nutt. Paper.
- Thakia: A Drama.** By Aileen Cleveland Higgins. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 62. Boston: The Poet Lore Co. \$1.
- The Secret of the Statue and Other Verse.** By Eleanor C. Donnelly. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 80. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.
- Poems.** By Helen Elizabeth Coolidge. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 102. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

FICTION.

- The Mother of the Man.** By Eden Phillpotts. With frontispiece, 12mo, uncut, pp. 458. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Seraphica.** By Justin Huntly McCarthy. 12mo, pp. 304. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- On the Knees of the Gods.** By Anna Bowman Dodd. 12mo, uncut, pp. 429. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia.** By James Locke. Illus., 12mo, pp. 342. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.50.
- The Lady of the Mount.** By Frederic S. Isham. Illus., 12mo, pp. 389. Bobbs-Merrill Co. \$1.50.
- The Greater Mischief.** By Margaret Westrup. 12mo, pp. 377. Harper & Brothers. \$1.50.
- My Lady of Clevea.** By Percy J. Hartley; illus. in tint by Harrison Fisher and Herman Pfeifer. 12mo, pp. 308. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Bahama Bill.** By T. Jenkins Hains. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 368. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.
- The Man Who Was Dead.** By Arthur W. Marchmont. Illus., 12mo, pp. 344. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- Exton Manor.** By Archibald Marshall. 12mo, pp. 483. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.
- Altars to Mammon.** By Elizabeth Neff. Illus., 12mo, pp. 334. Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$1.50.
- The Wife of Narcissus.** By Annetta Andrews. 12mo, pp. 251. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$1.25.
- The Cat and the Canary.** By Margaret Cameron; with illustrations in tint by W. D. Stevens and decorations. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 62. Harper & Brothers. \$1.
- A Romance of Arlington House.** By Sarah A. Reed. With frontispiece. 12mo, pp. 110. Boston: The Chapple Publishing Co.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- British Highways and Byways from a Motor Car.** By Thomas D. Murphy. Illus. in color, etc., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 318. L. C. Page & Co. \$3.
- Ceylon: The Paradise of Adam.** By Caroline Corner. Illus., 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 324. John Lane Co.

RELIGION.

- The Sphere of Religion: A Consideration of its Nature and of its Influence upon the Progress of Civilization.** By Frank Sargent Hoffman. 12mo, pp. 394. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.
- Roman Catholic and Protestant Bibles Compared: The Gould Prize Essays.** Edited by Melancthon Williams Jacobus. Second edition; 12mo, pp. 381. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- Messages for Home and Life.** By Dinahdale T. Young. 12mo, pp. 274. Jennings & Graham. \$1.25 net.
- The Forgiveness of Sins: A Course of Sermons.** By A. C. A. Hall. 12mo, pp. 118. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1. net.
- The Gospel of Ramakrishna.** Authorized English edition, with Introduction by Swami Abhedananda. 18mo, pp. 436. New York: The Vedanta Society.
- Some Little Prayers.** By Lucy Rider Meyer. 18mo, pp. 106. Jennings & Graham. 35 cts. net.

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